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The PASSING SHOW

2D

★ New Wonder Serial
"WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE"
by Edwin Balmer & Philip Wylie

- DOROTHY BLACK
- GEOFFREY SOUTAR
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4 Pages of HUMOUR

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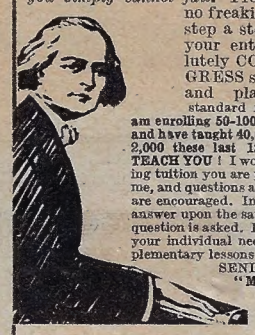

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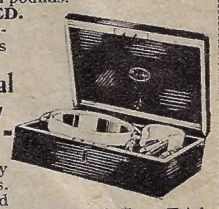

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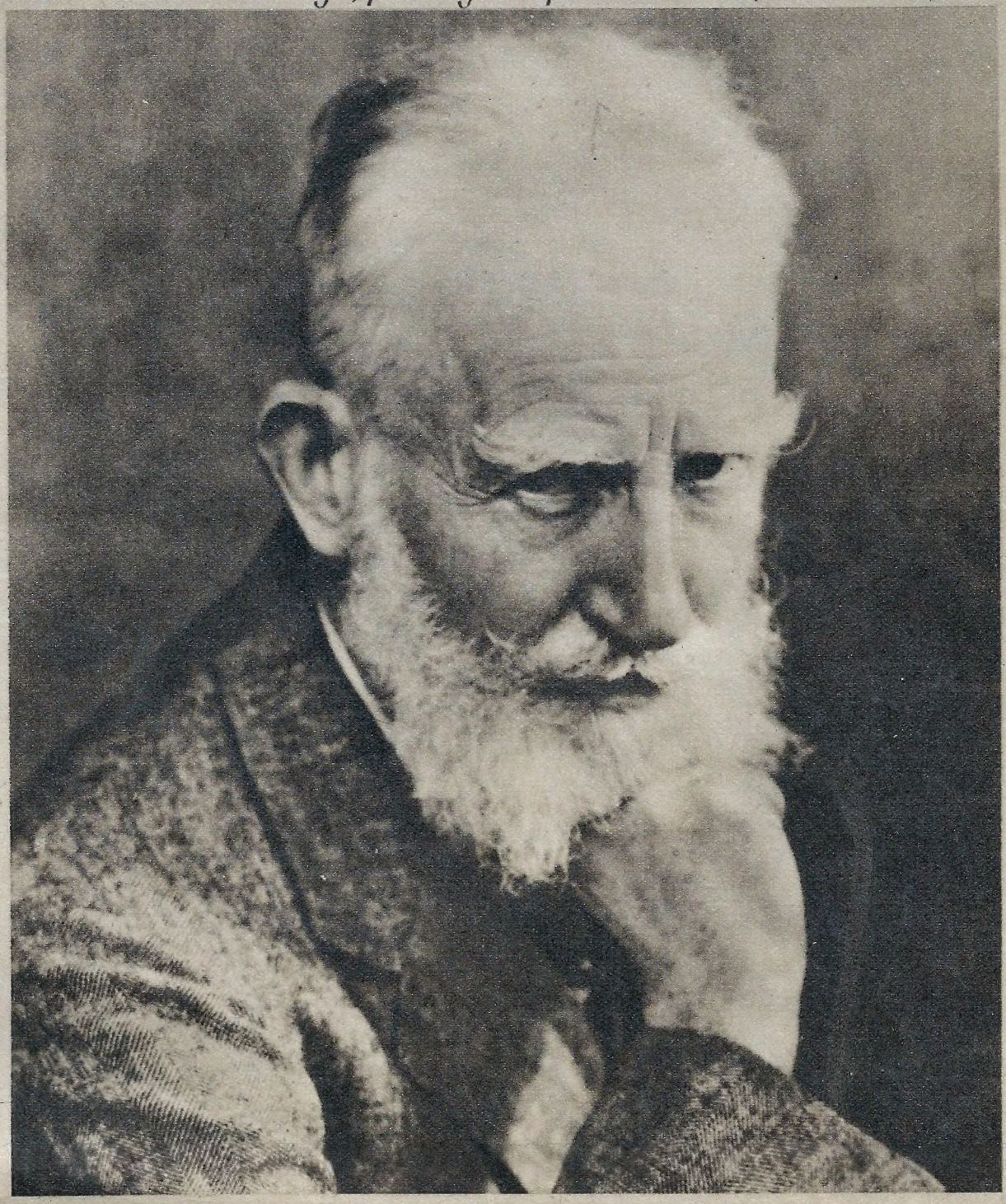

Bernard Shaw. (Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.)

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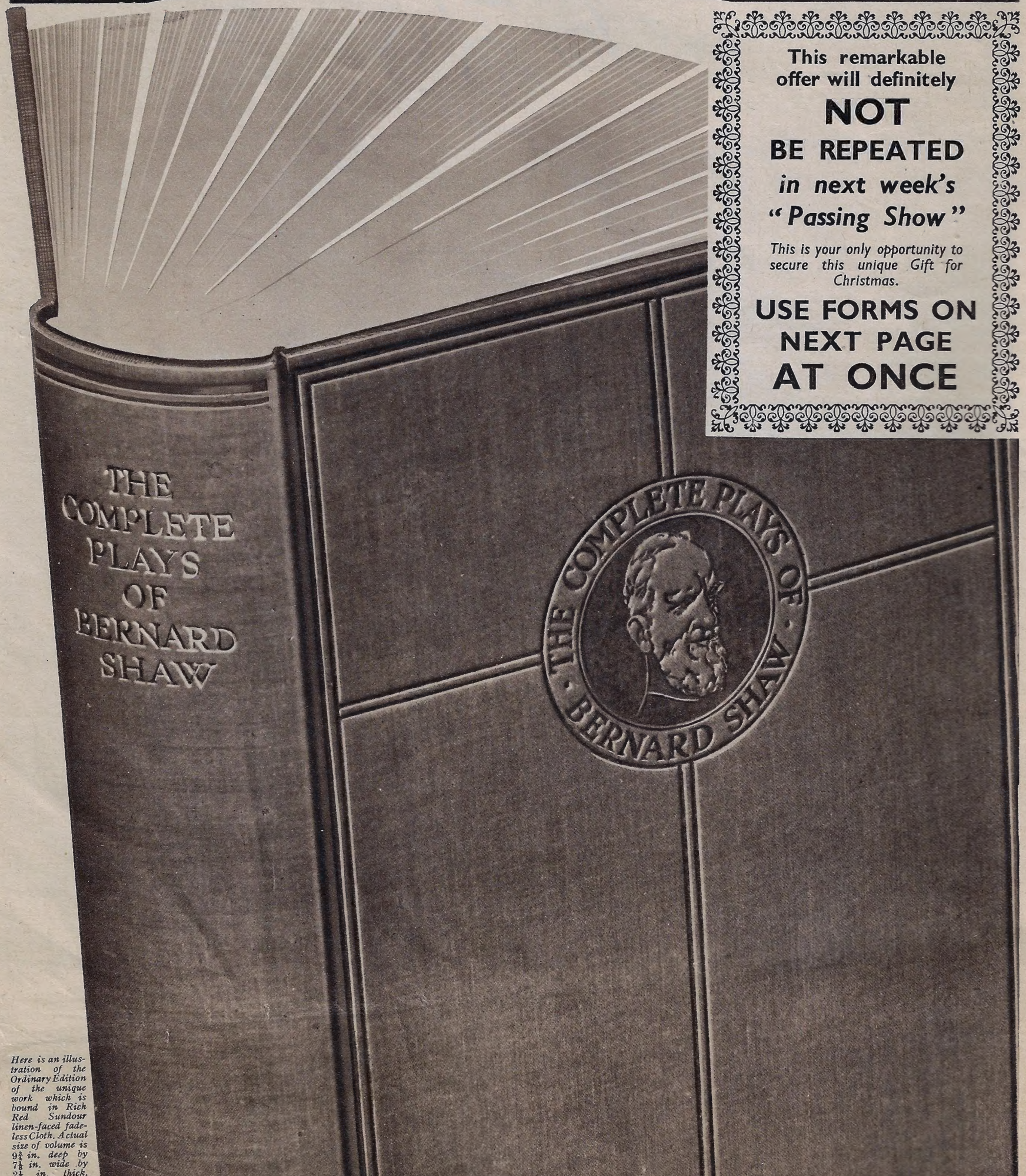

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No. 142, Vol. 3, DECEMBER 8, 1934

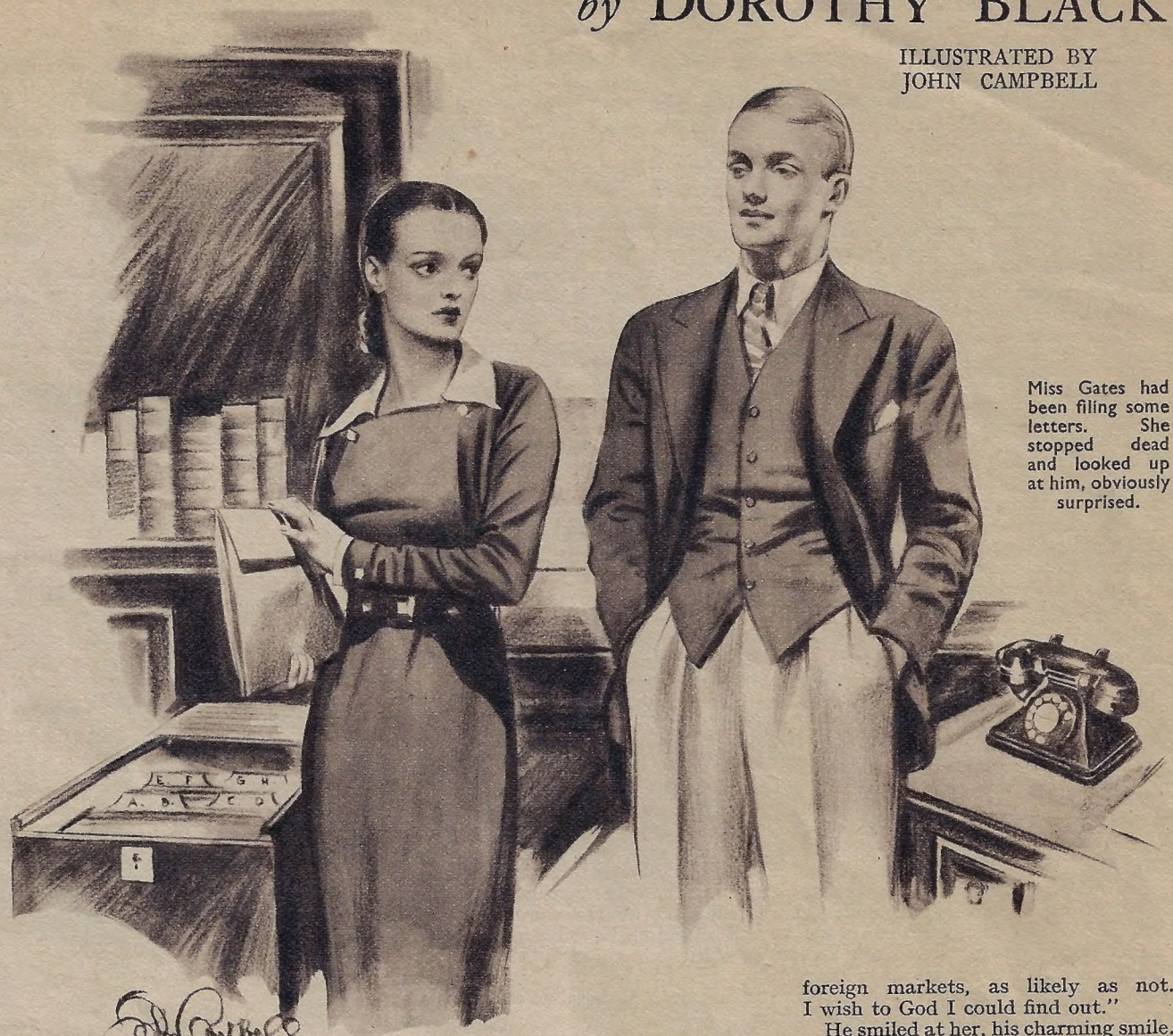
The Passing Show presents

A Long Complete Story—

Such Folk *are* DANGEROUS

by DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CAMPBELL



Miss Gates had been filing some letters. She stopped dead and looked up at him, obviously surprised.

IF you only love somebody a little, it is easy. It is amusing, romantic, and pleasant, like an agreeable tickling under the chin from a kind hand. You could talk about it with the other girls in the cloakroom. You whispered and joked about it in the lunch hour. Everyone knew. You hung about the outer office, hoping for a good-night, or a good-morning.

But if you loved somebody as Mary Gates loved Giles Lester, you kept it secret, you hugged it to yourself. It mattered too much. You couldn't talk about it. You told yourself that you were only twenty-two, and everyone said first love didn't last, because you didn't know what you were doing.

Meanwhile, you wore a cold face, and saw to it that nobody guessed.

Giles Lester was the junior partner. He sat in an inner office, and interviewed buyers, and departed for week-ends in a Rolls Royce coupé, since aunts had left him money here, there and everywhere. The staff knew all about it.

Giles Lester wasn't spoilt. He was altogether charming, in a gay and boyish fashion, friendly with everyone without being at all familiar.

He was not unlike Jack Buchanan, and wore his hats at an angle, and had a thick crisp wave in his thick bronze hair. He tried his best to down it with elbow grease and water, but whenever he got ruffled, his secret was out.

The office loved him to a girl. But they loved him quite nicely and hopelessly, and had boys of their own for every evening, and absolutely no hope.

It is doubtful whether Giles Lester ever guessed the commotion he caused in seven maiden bosoms daily, as he passed though the outer office, with a smile here, and a kind word there and a joke for old Miss Pimm. The only one of them he noticed at all was the quiet girl at the desk behind the door. He wondered sometimes why she never looked up, or smiled, and could only suppose it was because she was wrapped up in her job.

Praiseworthy, in someone so good-looking.

A constant stream of people came and went. Buyers from the North and from the East. Excited Frenchmen with beards like sporran, German chemists with new processes for sale. Representatives from the big shops after contracts and something new.

It was romantic as a story, with Lane & Chambers as villains of the piece.

Lane & Chambers were pinching France & Lester's markets. They had brought out a new uncrushable velvet that had taken everyone by storm.

It was distinctly annoying. Life had been so peaceful before Lane Chambers sprang up in a night, dislocating markets, putting ideas into the heads of hitherto Conservative buyers, making them think they wanted things they had done very well without for fifty years.

It was all wrong. In a properly organised country such things would never come about. Ruffled, Giles Lester touched his buzzer.

Miss Pimm's hairdressing, like a grey wool bird's nest, appeared round his door.

"Miss Gray is ill, Mr. Lester. Will you take someone else?"

"Yes. Anyone will do. No. Send me the girl at the desk behind the door. The dark quiet one."

He smiled to himself. It was a good opportunity. She piqued him, the little dark horse. He wanted to know her.

Mary Gates crossed the outer office without haste. No one must ever guess the tumult in her heart.

She stood at the side of his desk.

"You wanted me?"

"My girl is sick. Will you do some letters for me?"

She would have died for him, willingly. She sat down, thinking rebelliously:

"It's only going to make it all much worse."

Giles Lester composed himself to dictation.

"Dear Lane,

"Can you lunch with me one day? There are various matters I would like to discuss with you.

"That's Lane & Chambers. Adam Lane, Esq. You probably know him. Those people are going to be a thorn in our side, Miss Gates, do you know that? I've heard rumours of a coming amalgamation with Germany, which would mean they'd pinch all our foreign markets, as likely as not. I wish to God I could find out."

He smiled at her, his charming smile. She did not smile back at him. He thought her a queer cold girl.

Why was it, he wondered, that the girls you didn't care a fig for, always were ready to smile at you even unto their wisdom teeth, and the others had their heads bent over their desks and never seemed to see you pass?

Mr. Lane regretted, in due course, his inability to lunch, but would call round at 11 a.m. on the sixteenth inst.

"Sickening," Giles Lester confided to Mary Gates. "You can't do half as much with a fellow in an office, as you can over the lunch table. There's something in this rumour, I'll be bound. And I shan't get anything out of him. I haven't an earthly."

He looked up at her. How pretty she was. He liked her eyebrows, and her delicate colouring, and her greeny-brown eyes, and her smooth dark hair. He liked everything about her, except the way she avoided him, never smiled back at him, didn't meet his eye.

He thought, "Little iceberg." He said, almost plaintively, "Miss Gates, why don't you like me?" Said it in an odd puzzled voice, like a disappointed boy. Then stood, his head thrown back, his hands in his pockets.

Miss Gates had been filing some letters. She stopped dead and looked up at him, obviously surprised.

"But—I do like you. Very much."

"Then prove it by coming to dinner with me."

She hesitated for half a second, and his heart stopped beating. Then, rather primly she said:

"I'd like to very much."

The future was shot with a glory of golden promise. It was difficult to concentrate on Adam Lane after that, for really it did not seem to matter one way or the other. Giles whistled a tune, his hands deep in his pockets. He had had lots of fun, as a rich young man does, but he had never found quite what he wanted, in spite of

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing Such Folk *are* DANGEROUS

extensive lookings. It was just a little astonishing to come upon it, all of a sudden, tucked away behind his own office door.

That was Life!

◆ ◆ ◆

Giles Lester's door opened at eleven-thirty, and he came out with Adam Lane. Obviously, as far as France and Lester were concerned, the interview had not been a success. . . .

Adam Lane was a lean man who wore an eye-glass. He had a scar on one cheek, a present from Flanders, that went livid when the weather was cold. He was known in the office as the Scarecrow, on account of his clothes. Dreadful old clothes he wore, and sometimes the wrong coat, with a different pair of trousers.

"We must have another talk," said Giles Lester, holding open the door. Adam Lane seemed uninterested.

He put on his disreputable hat.

"You don't happen to know of an efficient girl out of a job? I'm extremely busy. I want someone to come abroad with me for ten days or so. It's difficult to find them efficient, in a hurry."

"We're short-handed ourselves," laughed Giles. "My own typist is off, sick. But if I happen to hear of anyone."

"Thanks."

Back in his own office, Giles Lester sat down, and buried his fingers in his hair. Of course, the interview had been a failure. He had learnt nothing. He had never disliked any man as heartily as he disliked Adam Lane, with his eye-glass, his hard face. A cad, and astute as you make them.

"I wouldn't advise any girl to go abroad with him," said Giles savagely to himself.

Suddenly his face lightened. He sat back, his hands in his pockets, tilting his chair. He played with a paper knife, bouncing the end of it up and down on the blotting paper. He said aloud, quietly:

"Lord! Why not?"

◆ ◆ ◆

It was so marvellous that she wasn't unapproachable after all. She was an excellent companion, amusing, intelligent. She was everything he had looked for in other girls, and failed to find.

He thought: "She'll do it." After all, it was just a business project. Modern girls know how to look after themselves. But he mustn't rush it.

They had dined together three times, and been to two shows, before he broached the affair. Towards midnight he leaned towards her over their table at the Savoy.

"Mary, will you do something for me?"

She was very young, and he was very handsome, and she would have died for him. Her softened eyes, adoring him, said as much. If she was a little surprised when she heard what it was he wanted of her, she kept her surprise to herself. The girl had poise.

"Listen, Mary. That fellow Lane wants a secretary. He's going abroad for ten days. He doesn't know you. You sit tucked away there beside the door. Mary, don't you see what a chance it is? If you went with him, you'd learn all sorts of things."

She sat back, listening.

"You could do it. Flirt with him a bit. Lead him on. Make him tell you his secrets. He's got a soft spot somewhere if anyone could find it. I frankly can't. Do you see where you come in?"

She saw.

"It's not for long. Ten days or so, he said. I expect he's going to Germany, and you'd find out everything. Things we've no earthly chance of discovering. These people are dangerous. I don't fancy we realise just how dangerous."

She said "No."

He put his hand over hers.

"Mary, will you do this for me?"

She thought awhile. It was a queer affair, but it was business. You have to face these sort of things, in business. And it would help him. She wanted to help him.

She said slowly, "I'll go."

"My God, you're wonderful."

She flushed, pleased that he thought her wonderful.

"Your eyes, Mary, are like woodland pools, so deep, so still. My God, when you come back. . . ."

◆ ◆ ◆

It was almost too easy. They were in the boat train. Right in the enemy's camp, thought Mary Gates, with a notebook.

The enemy, meantime, looked out of the window, at the passing fields of Kent. The morning light caught his eye-glass and made it shine.

It was not altogether pleasant to be going around with someone who looked like a walking scarecrow. Not only did Adam Lane wear the usual old clothes, but he had collected gloves of different kinds, just to put a finishing touch to the matter. Mary Gates in her corner, hoped their fellow-passengers did not think he belonged to her. Were France & Lester right in supposing this man a danger? She was beginning to think him childishly gullible.

Certainly he was a very efficient traveller. They were through the Customs and settled into their carriage before anyone else. It was with some surprise Mary learned they were going to Paris, and not Germany at all. She would have to let Giles Lester know that, somehow, though he had advised her not to write or wire him.

At the Gard du Nord, Adam Lane unravelled a taxi out of the general mess in the station, and drove Mary to her hotel. It was a spring evening, the streets flooded with sunshine, and that restless excitement that is Paris. She had a moment of intense home-sickness and longing for Giles, and his darling ways and his gaiety. He it was who should have been with her here in Paris. How happy they would have been together. She sat very silent, dreaming dreams, but when they reached the hotel where he had booked her a room, she roused herself.

On with the job!

"You aren't going to leave me alone all the evening, I hope. I've never been to Paris, and I'm afraid to go out, all alone."

He looked at her, obviously surprised.

"I'll take you anywhere you like."

It was too easy. They dined at a restaurant in the glory of gilt and red plush. She wore a new black lace frock she had bought to go out with Giles in. It seemed a sort of desecration, but after all, it was for his sake.

She played a part. It was amusing. She let him choose her dinner for her. She was kind, and gentle, and rather clinging, and disguised her distaste when she saw that his evening clothes were worse than his others. But otherwise he improved on acquaintance—you couldn't get away from that. His hard face had a way of breaking up, suddenly, in laughter, and he was touched, and obviously pleased, at her friendliness. He knew, he told her, no one in Paris, save business people.

"So it's nice of you to let me show you round. I didn't somehow think . . ."

He broke off, smiling at her. She wished he wouldn't affect that tiresome eye-glass. It hid him from her still. You could never really gather what he was thinking.

The evening was a success. He even went so far as to dance with her, in the abrupt and rather jerky fashion of a man long unpractised in the art.

The following day they worked. The clever organisation of the younger firm opened out before her. There were contracts with French firms, private arrangements pending with the big Paris houses. The situation had progressed beyond Messrs. France and Lester's worst dreams. The position was infinitely more dangerous than they supposed. France & Lester had been sitting back easily, convinced that because they had succeeded for fifty years, they always would succeed.

Meanwhile, Adam Lane had been working, as only those who have a position to consolidate, do work.

She thought, "I must wire them. There's no time to be lost."

Over the desk, Adam Lane said, "Now, one more letter.

"Dear Madam,

"I enclose the necessary cheque. Of course, Celestine must have what she requires. Her fees will be paid as usual at the end of the holidays.

"As I am in Paris on business, I would like to see the child. I will call for her next Saturday afternoon, and take her out to tea somewhere."

Mary looked up at him in some surprise.

"Kid's my ward," he explained. "That will be another of your jobs. To come with me when I take her out. I'd be terrified, all alone. She's about ten. Her father was a pal of mine. Married a Frenchwoman after the war. They're both dead, so I look after her."

He said, "That's enough for to-day. I must give you some air."

He hired a car and drove her out to the Forest of Fontainbleau, new with springtime, with the fresh young green of leaves, and the wonder of unfolding ferns. The rides were like cathedral aisles, and presently, lost in the forest, they found a small estaminet.

"How clever of you," said Mary. "Only a very talented person would have found it."

She wished the cuckoo would not be so urgent with his ribald message. It seemed like an omen, and again the old longing for Giles flooded her. It would be so lovely here—with him.

"I am a talented person," said Adam Lane. "But I feel I ought to tell you I knew it was here. You see, I studied in Paris, once."

"Studied what?"

"Art. I painted portraits. People said one day they would be very good portraits indeed."

She said idly, "What made you give it up?"

"The Germans. They shot out one of my eyes, you see, and did no good to the other. The first essential in an artist is that he should have a pair of perfectly good and properly functioning eyes."

He lit a cigarette.

"I tell you I am talented. You probably have not guessed the horrid truth that I am nearly blind."

Her sudden pity hurt her. She said, without pausing to think, "Then that's why——"

"Why what? Go on. You needn't mind. I'm far from sensitive—now."

"Why your clothes are so—aren't very . . ."

He looked at them, peering short-sightedly at his own sleeve.

"Aren't they? I know I took odd gloves yesterday. I have to concentrate very hard on these things, you see. And I don't always concentrate. That's an idea, though. When we get back to England you shall fit me out properly. It is the duty of a secretary to see her boss dresses the part. Will you? It would be a real kindness. Even if I had the eyes, I haven't the time."

She was thinking, ashamed, and oddly upset, "We laughed at him, at his clothes, and his eye-glass." Sudden tears filled her eyes. She turned to blink them away. This was terrible. This was not what she had come for.

"So I joined this show. I still have the instinct for colour, you see—and Chambers does the rest. We had a hard fight at first. I did—oh well, all kinds of things, to raise the capital."

He looked at his hands, reflectively, his mouth grim. Hard hands, with knotted joints, and nails immaculately clean, cut very short. Nails that had not recovered yet from being scarred and broken. A little shiver went down Mary's spine. Suddenly she hated her job.

"We're through now, though. I'll tell you something. We're signing contracts with Germany, and over here, that will guarantee us entire control of some of the biggest markets. Markets that have always belonged to France & Lester. We've fought pretty hard—but we're going to win. And we started with nothing to speak of."

She said, automatically, "I think that's splendid. Much better than just dropping into something, easily." She didn't know what was the matter with her. Her eyes smarted and there was a lump in her throat. She wanted Giles there. Dear Giles with his laughing gaiety, to be nice to her, to cheer her up, to whisper to her, "You're doing this for me."

On with the job. One mustn't weaken now.

For three more days they worked until late afternoon, and then he took her somewhere. To the theatre. To the pictures. Another drive out into the Forest.

Now she was brazenly encouraging him, leaning close to him, so that her shoulder touched his. When he took her hand there under the trees, she sat very still. She did not take it away.

He looked at it with an odd tenderness, his eyebrows raised. Then he leaned towards her.

"Would you be cross if I kissed you?"

She let him kiss her.

His hands sought hers. He knelt down beside her.

She stroked his hair pityingly. After all, it was rather a shame. But, of course, he meant nothing much. Men did this sort of thing with pretty typists. He would soon forget.

That evening he told her everything she wanted to know, and more than she had ever dared hope to learn.

◆ ◆ ◆

The telegram needed careful thinking out. Giles had warned her about trying to get any word back. "It's too dangerous," he told her. "It might make it soumpleasant for you if anything came out. Wait until you return. There's plenty of time."

But there wasn't plenty of time.

In the end she just wrote the names of the French and German firms Adam Lane was negotiating with, leaving it to Giles to infer the rest. She addressed the message to him personally, then closed her eyes, and tried to conjure up his face.

She could only see Adam Lane's face, tense as when he bent over to kiss her. It had been a profane thing to do, letting him kiss her. She pressed her hand to her mouth, wishing she hadn't. But, of course, it was nothing to him. He was a hard-bitten man of the world. He would soon forget all about it, if he hadn't done so already.

Still, she wished she hadn't let him kiss her. One could not forget that kiss. It seemed to burn like fire still upon her lips.

She was standing beside the writing-table, looking down at the telegram, wondering whether she should alter it in any way, when the door opened and he came in. His face was very white, the scar on his cheek standing out, livid.

"I had to come. Dear, I had to come."

His hands sought hers. He knelt down beside her. Hardly knowing what she did, she put her arms about him, and drew his head against her. On the writing-table lay that tell-tale telegram. She thought, "He's nearly blind. He can't see far." She kept his head pressed against her, in pity, and in terror, postponing the time of his finding out.

"I love you." He spoke very quietly. "I thought I'd done with all that. But I haven't. You were so sweet to-day. You gave me hope I wouldn't have dared to have."

He stood up, facing her. His eye-glass had fallen from his eye. Without it he looked younger, gentler.

"I'm sorry, Mary. It's knocked me over, rather."

He walked to the window.

She watched him, her heart in her mouth, but he passed the writing-table, and came back, and she breathed again. There came a little wind blowing over the gardens. It lifted the telegraph form, and blew it across the room. It fell at his feet.

He stooped to pick it up then, the address catching his eye, he stood quite still.

She tried to take it from him.

"No, Adam. No."

Very quietly he read it. Very quietly he replaced it on the writing-table, and anchored it with a brass paper weight. For a long time he stood quite still, looking at nothing. Then,

"So," he said. "I see. . . ."

"Adam, I want to tell you——"

"I have been a fine mug, haven't I? Fell without a moment's hesitation. All right, my dear. Don't worry. All is fair in love—and business. You were recommended by them, I know. And I didn't bother about any further credentials. I—from the beginning—I liked you." He snapped his fingers. "God!" he said, suddenly. Then, "Well, that's that!"

"Adam, will you listen?"

He took her hand.

"I congratulate you. You were very efficient." His face twisted at the memory. He took a deep breath. "I have always admired efficiency. You can send your telegram first thing in the morning."

She was alone.

She stood by the window, looking out on to Paris by night. Motor-cars hooted without ceasing, and somewhere round the corner, trams tootled their little horns. Beyond the trees the sky was tinged red, as if reflecting a fire. The wind, blowing over the gardens, set all the new green leaves a-shivering. They waved in the darkness to Mary, like little hands bidding her good-bye.

She would go back, to-morrow, to England, her mission completed. For certainly he would not keep her on any more. She knelt down beside the big writing-table, as if it was a pew in a church, and laid her head on her folded arms. She would go back—to Giles. What did it matter? She ought to be glad. Why wasn't she glad?

Why didn't the thought of him thrill her any more? What had gone wrong with all her dreams and plans? Was it possible that when you were twenty-two you wanted with passion something which, when you had it, you found you did not want at all?

She would go back to England to-morrow. In his private sitting-room, Adam Lane would struggle as best he could, with the masses of work. His eyes screwed up, his shoulders hunched. He would take Celestine out, all alone, and certainly he would never buy himself any new clothes.

She began to cry softly. She pulled the writing-pad towards her, and began to write. The errant wind took the telegraph addressed to Giles Lester, and blew it coyly under the bed.

Adam Lane turned as she entered the room. His face was expressionless, his eye-glass screwed in.

"I have your tickets for the twelve train. Also a reserved place for you."

"You must listen to me."

"I don't think there is anything more to be said between us."

"Yes there is. I have written to France & Lester to-day. I have told them I shall never go back to them. I have torn up that telegram."

He faced her. "Why?"

"Because I love you. I didn't know at the time. I didn't understand. But now I do, and I want you to know that I wasn't always acting. Not even when I thought I was. Not when I let you kiss me. I'm going back to England. . . . I won't—won't ever worry you again. But I wanted you to know."

He gave a great cry and caught her to him.

"Mary! Mary!". . .

◆ ◆ ◆

In the London office, Giles Lester opened his letter with the utmost confidence, humming a tune. He read:

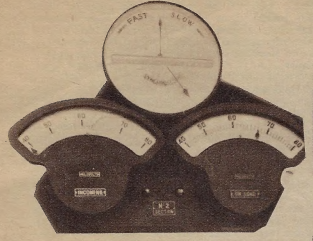
"I am not coming back any more. Everything you said was quite true. I have learnt all sorts of things. All the things I wanted to know. In every way you were quite right. Such people are dangerous."

After that, there was a postscript. It said:

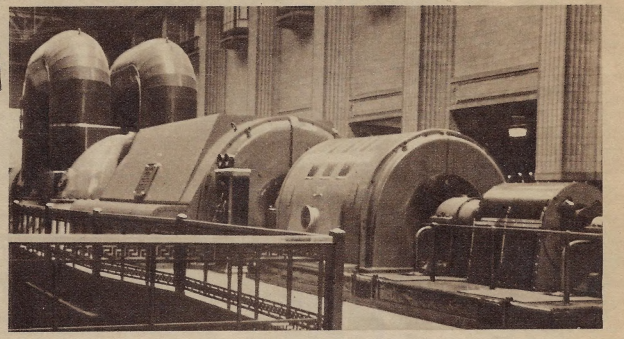
"We are going to be married to-morrow afternoon."

That's Life!

These MARCHING MONSTERS: *What they Mean*



Tell-tale dials at the Battersea power station let the engineers know how the dynamo (right) is playing its part in the great grid scheme.



One of the three huge turbo-generators at Battersea. With an electrical output of about 88,000 horse-power, this giant could supply all Sussex and half Kent.

LOOK at those pylons, dear; spoiling the scenery. I wonder where they go?" So you, week-ending motorists, hikers and cyclists, dismiss the biggest revolution which has happened to Great Britain since the first motor-car arrived—the completion of the Electric Grid.

Those 26,000 pylons, shouldering 4,000 miles of wire, are all you can see of the Grid, all that proves its existence. But the Grid's unseen tentacles reach to your own bedside—that is "where they go."

The grid is not the idea of any one man. It is the practical outcome of endless scheming and planning over nearly twenty years; and the only logical method of realising the object of those schemes: to place a necessity at the disposal of the whole country in an economic form.

The first real attempt to control the use of electricity was the Electric Lighting Act of 1882—52 years ago—and it marked the beginning of chaos. By the end of 1900 over 600 Provisional Orders had been granted by the Board of Trade, licensing local authorities, companies, and private individuals to produce and distribute electricity.

Many of these were later revoked and, of those that went ahead, many became local monopolies. The result was that very few really sound systems of supply resulted and, by the end of the war, only about thirty power companies formed under the Act of 1900 were in operation.

It was during the last years of the war that the first serious appeal was made for the co-operation which we are about to achieve to-day. To meet the urgent need for cheap power for munitions and armaments many new companies sprang into being—each working on different lines—resulting in more confusion and waste.

Had there been co-operation then, and a control over the standards of electricity, untold trouble would have been saved to-day. The position is comparable with that of the Australian Railways.

There, each state, working to its own ideas, built railroads for itself instead of for Australia. Each state has since progressed along its own lines and there was no standardisation in the beginning. To-day, travelling from one end of Australia to the other, it is necessary to change trains at least three times—*because the gauges of the tracks are different, and one state's rolling stock will not fit another state's lines!*

What it would cost Australia to standardise now can be left to the imagination. It has just cost England nearly £20,000,000 to standardise electricity and electrical equipment in order to put the grid scheme into operation. If it had been done in the beginning it might have cost a few hundreds.

If it had been left any longer it would have cost millions more. That is probably the best answer to those who criticise the grid so freely and unthinkingly.

Actually the standardising of frequency was one of the biggest tasks in the whole scheme. The national standard was fixed at 50 cycles—that means that the surges of electricity in England's great wiring scheme are now constant at 50 per second everywhere.

In the past the independent suppliers produced electricity at anything from 25 to 40 or 50 cycles (electric light at 25 cycles can be seen to flicker the whole time and is most trying to the eyes). Naturally, before the country could be linked up to draw its power from one source, it was necessary to alter or replace every piece of machinery or equipment—however small or large—that was unsuitable to the new standard.

In spite of the fact that newer and more expensive machinery is being installed every day, there are still some who say "the Grid is before its time."

The idea of the Grid is the elimination of waste power and the consequent cheapening of electricity: nothing more. Like most other things of to-day, electricity can be produced most cheaply by mass production: in other words, by a central source of supply from which every consumer may draw.

In the old days, when the demand for electricity was comparatively small, a power station usually included a battery (the wireless accumulator of to-day on a very large scale) which was charged up once or twice a day, or week, according to the amount of light the neighbourhood used.

But to-day the consumption is so great that a battery big enough to store up the required supply would be a fantastic impossibility. Electricity is now fed direct from the dynamo to every point in the district. If the dynamo stops the light goes out.

By 1926 the number of public supply stations had grown to about 450: each station with its own dynamos supplying its own district. About thirty concerns supplied London alone. There are still many large independent stations supplying railways, tramways and factories. And there are still about three or four thousand private generating plants which supply country houses, garages, cinemas and hotels.

The total estimated output of all these generators is TWENTY THOUSAND MILLION UNITS of electricity per year! And nearly half that total is the amount used by British householders.

A unit of electricity is standard the world over: technically it is a kilowatt-hour: to the person who pays the bill it is 1o hours light from a hundred watt lamp.

The only uncertain thing about a unit is its price. To some it costs ¼d. and to others as much as 8d: and this huge discrepancy may exist between two houses on opposite sides of a road. *Because one council, or company, is producing electricity economically and the other is not.*

WASTE is the reason for expensive electricity: not the cost of production. A generating company which contracts to supply a town may have half a dozen factories drawing from its resources during the daytime—calling for a very large and expensive plant.

And in the night, even after the very last street light has been switched off, that plant, or part of it, has to be kept running in case one person switches on a bedside lamp to see the time. The consumer pays for that "wasted energy" when he pays his electricity bill.

There is only one way of avoiding such waste and that is by maintaining a steady paying load on the dynamos.

No one station can do this, but one central source of energy, having all manner of odd loads at odd times, can strike an even balance and can supply every unit the country uses at an average price. That is the eventual job of the grid.

By the Electricity (Supply) Act of 1926 all the scheming and planning of years was brought to a head and the Central Electricity Board was set up as a public body to carry out the work of reorganising the public supplies of electricity.

The Grid, which the Central Electricity Board constructed, is a vast network of wires linking up all the public supply stations of Great Britain—or, more correctly, the areas covered by those power stations. For the Grid, which is in reality one electric circuit from which the country's supplies can be tapped, will draw the electricity from 135 generating stations.

Fifteen of these 135 will be new stations built on modern lines. *FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO stations are being closed down as unnecessary.* This in itself is the most startling proof of the waste that existed: more so when it is realised that the Grid budgets for whatever increase in consumption occurs in the next ten years.

For the purpose of planning this national supply scheme, Great Britain was divided into ten main areas: North Scotland, Central Scotland, South Scotland, North-East England, North-West England and Wales, Mid-West England, Central England, East England, South-East England, South-West England and Wales.

The prevailing power situation in each area was studied and the estimated ten-year increase allowed for. From the total number of generating stations in each area a few were selected for permanent supplies, a few more, according to their efficiency and convenience, were chosen to assist with temporary supplies until the scheme was complete: then they, together with the balance, would be shut down for good.

They planned main line transmission cables to carry huge loads (50,000 kilowatts at 132,000 volts—your average radiator takes one kilowatt) from one area to another. Main switching stations would interconnect, and control centrally, any or all areas. Thus, although each area would be in effect a self-contained scheme, any area could be fed from the power supply of any other area.

The reports were submitted and passed by the board. Contracts were placed for all the necessary cables, structures and gear. All this took place less than seven years ago. Just over a year ago the last party of men shouldered their tools and went home from the last pylon on the edge of the New Forest.

The huge scheme was complete.

Actual construction of the grid gave work to an average of 40,000 men for three years, and it is almost an impossibility to estimate the number of workers who benefited indirectly through the scheme. Half a million tons of cement were needed for stations, sub-stations and pylon foundations. Twelve thousand tons of aluminium were used—one-third the total annual output of the whole industry—and 150,000 tons of steel.

Apart from the workers who provided all this, the coal used in its production alone totalled over 800,000 tons!

Now, directly and indirectly, workers engaged on the manufacturing side, wiring contractors, and those actually generating electricity, number about 300,000 in steady employment.

And now that standardisation is complete, and the Grid is in operation, thousands of people whose homes have been electrically lighted for years are "on the Grid" and do not know it. The change over has taken place during an ordinary day's work. There is no difference in the heat of the fire, or in the brilliancy of the light. It is just that the power may be coming from Southampton, or Battersea Park in London, instead of from the local station round the corner.

The Grid is not, as many people think, a power company on a large scale. The Central Electricity Board does not *MAKE* electricity. It takes over the output of electricity from the selected generating stations—transmits it via the Grid—and hands it over to authorised distributors throughout the country—who, in turn, retail it to the consumers as before.

The difference is, will, or should be, in the price. Hitherto consumers have had to pay not only for the current they used, but also for the waste of idle machinery. The Grid, through its command of supplies and its carefully planned output, is able to hand over supplies, on tap, at from .35 to .4 of a penny per unit.

The grid is not allowed to show a profit for ten years so that the price shall be as low as possible. There should be a further control placed over the distributors to ensure the public getting its share of the saving.

Those four thousand miles of wires in the Grid circuit do not, of course, include the wirings of villages and towns. Three thousand miles represent main cables at a pressure of 132,000 volts. The various power stations make their electricity at varying voltages and transform it up (that is to say increase its pressure) to 132,000. At this pressure it is carried all over the country.

The three thousand miles represent secondary cables on which the voltage is stepped down to about 30,000 and carried to various termini in the country districts.

At the end of each such secondary cable the local undertaking takes charge of the supply and steps it down again, by means of more transformers, to the household voltage of say 230. Or, perhaps, to a slightly higher figure if it is required for power.

The local bodies make their own arrangements from then on, and it depends entirely upon their efforts as to what electrical progress is made in their districts. The preliminary survey for the Grid showed the power situation. This, in the country districts was usually NIL. The Grid has allowed for an increased consumption. It is up to the local authorities to get that consumption to offset the cost of taking supplies.

There are still more than four of every ten houses in the country, and about three out of ten factories, to be electrified. The wires of the Grid are designed for loads of the future. The sooner the loads grow the sooner the price of electricity will fall.

As proof of the good work that has been done practically the whole of some counties are now wired. And before the advent of the Grid electricity was not thought of. To find out whether a village would take the supply it was necessary to ask each and every villager and, in many cases, the cost of bringing the supply from the main lines necessitated several villages taking it.

The reactions to electricity varied. Some villages jumped at it: oil lamps, kettles, petrol engines and stoves being scrapped wholesale. But there were also the die-hards.

"Electric irons? Hot water? Kettle? What's wrong with the fire? There's plenty of wood in the copse." And, after all, their fathers and their grandfathers before them had used candles. Those reasons were nothing compared with some of the objections raised. Not so much objections, but rather an absolute confidence in their judgment that they simply didn't need electricity.

To go to the other extreme there is this *true* story of ultra-enthusiasm. A certain man who owns rather a large place in Sussex was extremely keen on having his house wired. But on making enquiries was told that he was too far away from the village and that the supply company could not run the supply all that way for one house. If he wanted the supply at all he would have to pay for the overhead wiring to his place—a substantial distance and a substantial figure.

To the great surprise of the local engineer he received the O.K. to proceed with the work. Accordingly the line was erected, the house wired, and the current switched on.

Still wondering a lot as to why the man wanted to go to all this expense, and whether it was worth it, the engineer called at the house to see if everything was satisfactory. The owner met him with a smile, led him through into one of the rooms, and pointed with pride to an object in the corner.

"I've always wanted an all-mains radio," he said, "and at last I've got one."

To make the Grid what it is, and what it will be, continuous research work was necessary. It has called for developments in machinery of types and capacities that were unmade before in this country. New cable. New switchgear. New testing machinery.

The pylons on their march take fifty-five river crossings in their stride: many of these represent engineering feats of the first order. Most notable of all is the Thames crossing at Dagenham. Here the distance to be spanned by the wires was over 3,000 feet.

This, allowing for the masts of ships, and the inevitable "droop" of the wires, called for pylons on each bank 487 feet high. The combined weight of the seven wires between the pylons results in a permanent strain of several tons and, to "hang" them, it was necessary to tow the ends across the river, holding up shipping for several hours while they were hoisted into place.

Many people dislike the pylons. Perhaps, to the unaccustomed eyes of this generation, they are "out of place." But to those who grow up with them they will be no more noticeable than the telegraph wires which line almost every road.

And even as many more see the pylons, wonder where they go, and don't much care, so does the cottage dweller press the switch, find he can read more comfortably, and not bother in the least how it all happens. He too notices the pylons on his way to and from his work—if he has not already got used to them—and realises that they are to do with his light. He has no reason to bother any further.

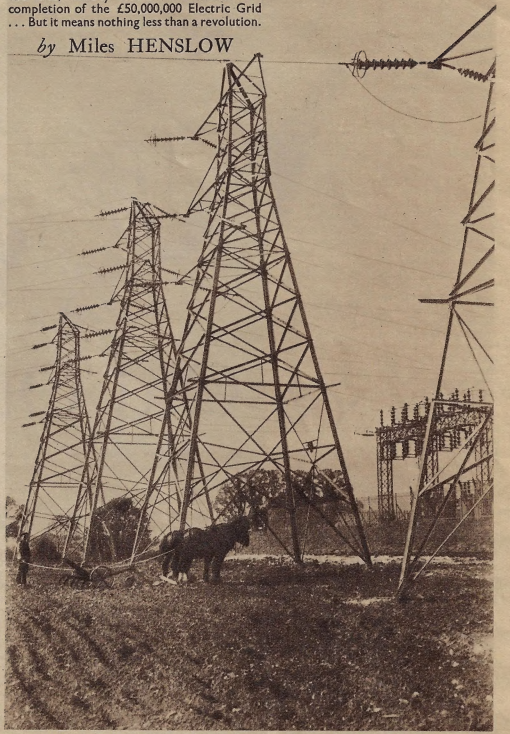
His light is one of two hundred in the village. His village is one of many hundreds now bonded together by the grid. He presses a switch in the coal shed instead of shielding a guttering candle from the wind.

£50,000,000 and years of concentrated work have been spent in order that he might do just that.

That is the Grid.

If it wasn't for the pylons striding across the land, nobody would have noticed the completion of the £50,000,000 Electric Grid . . . But it means nothing less than a revolution.

by Miles HENSLOW



In the skeleton shadow of the pylons the ploughman still guides his horse—but goes home to electric light instead of a candle.

SHORT SHORT STORY BY

Geoffrey SOUTAR

ILLUSTRATED BY LENDON

"Keep them laughing—that's my job. It's a fine job, too."

The Old OPTIMIST

IN the River View Hostel he was always known as the "Old Optimist." An appropriate enough name but he was by no means old. His appearance belied his age. A chap couldn't come out of the big scrap with a paralysed left arm and minus both his pins, live through five years of operations and spinal treatments and expect to look a virile young man at forty.

Hopeless, you might say, but then you don't know the Old Optimist. He had evolved a theory of his own, a philosophy, you might say, of the ever present. It was a sort of expurgated edition of "eat, drink and be merry—"

Of course, you can't expect an invalid to look at the bright side of life all the time. Young Elmquist, for instance, was feeling pretty low that afternoon he asked the nurse to wheel him out to the terrace overlooking the main road. The late afternoon sun made that side of the building warm and he could watch the traffic winding up the hill. It might take his mind off the seeming futility of it all.

"Excellent idea," the nurse said. "You'll find Captain Nathan out there. He'll be company for you."

"The Old Optimist, eh?" he grunted as he was being propelled towards the door. "Wish I had that fellow's outlook on life. Or should I call it a life. One of these days, I am going to sneak the doc's morphine supply when his back is turned."

"Why, Lieutenant Elmquist, you shouldn't talk like that," the nurse admonished. "I thought I heard the doctor tell you that there was a big chance that you might get well in a year or two."

Elmquist laughed ironically.

"Don't think for one moment that I can't see through what he tells me. He just said that to keep my spirits up."

The nurse was too occupied in easing the chair down the ramp leading to the terrace to make a reply. Once outside, she called to the occupant of the one chair already out there.

"Good evening, Captain Nathan, I've brought you company. Do you mind?"

The Old Optimist had been writing on a pad fixed to the arm of his chair. At the appearance of the newcomer he laid down his pencil.

"Do I mind?" he said cheerily. "Glad to have someone to talk with."

"Letter writing?" queried the lieutenant.

"No, sketching out a plot, as a matter of fact."

"Oh, yes, that's right. I forgot, you write stories, don't you? What kind of stuff is it?"

"Humorous."

Elmquist raised his eyebrows.

"Captain," he said, "why do you write humorous stories?"

"So that people can laugh," Nathan told him. "Yes, laugh and forget the crashes of yesterday and the seeming futility of to-morrow."

"And what happens when to-morrow arrives?"

"Why, we just write another joke and keep them laughing. That's my job. It's a fine job, too, so fine that I have no time to worry about my body—what's left of it."

The Old Optimist put out his hand and patted the other's arm.

"You've got it badly, to-night, old boy. What's the matter? Losing hope? Doctor say anything?"

"Oh, that fool doctor," the youngster said irritably. "Of course he says that there is hope. That's his job. Give 'em hope and keep 'em alive. What for, I'd like to know? Oh, I can see through it all."

The Old Optimist was puzzled. He had no illusions about his own condition but then he had a job, as he called it. It supplemented, to a great extent, his loss of physical activity. Elmquist was a different matter altogether. He was young, he hadn't learned to adjust himself.

The lieutenant broke into his thoughts by pointing to a cyclist pedalling, slowly but strongly, up the hill in front of the terrace.

"Look at that, Captain," he said. "See that fellow. Look at the way he uses his legs and arms. Doesn't it make you want to cry out? Why should that man—he's forty-five or fifty at least—have any more right to a healthy body than I, a young man?" He glanced angrily across at the captain and then, suddenly, his expression changed. "Why Captain, do you know that fellow?"

The Old Optimist was waving frantically but the cyclist had already passed in front of the Hostel and was disappearing down the other side of the hill.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the youngster. "I would have kept my mouth shut if I had known he was a friend of yours."

Nathan smiled reassuringly.

"That's all right, old boy. Glad you did go off the deep end about him. It rather proves my point."

The captain shifted his position and leaned towards the youngman. When he spoke there was a pleasant smile on his face.

"That fellow," he said, "was Bob Fulton. Back in 'fourteen he was a lieutenant, like yourself."

"Do you mean that he was in the scrap with the rest of us?"

"He was, but he didn't stay there very long. He had been out there less than a month when he got a little too near a Jerry barrage. When they picked him up they found that he couldn't move a finger and felt no pain."

"Spine?" Elmquist asked quietly.

"That's it. Same trouble as yours, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"You're wondering, aren't you," Nathan chuckled. "Why he is able to ride a bicycle? I'll tell you:

"When they brought him in—up here, as a matter of fact—the doctors didn't know as much as they do now. They told him that it was hopeless. Do you know what he did? He laughed at them. He told the doctors that he had a girl waiting for him. He wasn't going to let her down and if there was ever such a thing as will power, then he was going to use it. He was determined to win through.

"Then one day, the doctors told him that he was improving, that there was a little hope."

The Old Optimist paused a moment to flick some ashes from his coat. The youngster leaned forward.

"Were they fooling him?" he asked.

"Fooling him?" Nathan said. "How do I know? What does it matter? There's always hope, it's just the way you look at things. Bob Fulton didn't question his doctors. He agreed with them, he made his own hope. He laughed and joked all day and every day. Never admitted defeat. Swore he was going to walk out of the River View Hostel, on his two legs inside of six months."

"Did he?" asked the youngster eagerly.

"Well, it took a little more than six months."

Elmquist looked over at the road.

"He looked fine on that cycle, didn't he?" he said. "I used to like cycling before the war, when I was a kid."

The Old Optimist drew himself another cigarette out of his case and watched the other out of the corner of his eye. The youngster's cheeks were flushed.

"You know, Captain," he said quietly, gazing down at the blanket that covered his legs. "The doctors told me this morning that there was a chance that I might be able to walk again. Do you think that if I helped them—you know, sort of determination, to win through—do you think there's hope for me?"

"Do I think? Why, boy, didn't you see old Bob Fulton pedalling up that hill? And he started with a bigger handicap than you. There was a time when his arms were gone too."

The youngster nodded his head without speaking. He was deep in thought and the Old Optimist, puffing quietly at his cigarette, did not disturb him. It was the nurse who broke in on their reverie. She came from the building and placed a hand on their chairs.

"Time for supper," she told them.

Elmquist started.

"Supper?" and then he grinned. "I'm ready for it, too. How about you, Captain?"

"Think I'll stay for a while. Sister can come out again in five minutes or so. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. Shall we go, Lieutenant?"

Alone once more, the captain lay back in his chair with his eyes gazing into the distance. The sun had dropped behind the trees on the far side of the road, leaving a peaceful evening glow in the sky.

He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not notice the man crossing the wide pavement to the terrace.

"Pardon me, sir," came the voice. Nathan's gaze lowered and, with a start, he saw that it was the cyclist who had passed down the hill earlier in the evening. He looked past the man and saw the cycle propped against the curb.

"Pardon me, sir," the man asked again. "Could you tell me how to get to the London Road?"

"Stranger to these parts?" asked the Old Optimist.

"Yes, I've lost my bearings."

"Well, go on back, down the hill. When you get to the bottom, bear sharply to the right. You'll find it's easy then, almost a straight road."

The man thanked him and went back to his cycle. A moment later, the nurse came out from the building.

"Ready for your supper now, Captain?"

"Yes, I think so. Do you mind picking my pencil up, I've dropped it."

The nurse bent down and retrieved the fallen pencil.

"Still doing well with your stories, Captain?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you, sister."

"They're humorous stories, aren't they, Captain?"

And the Old Optimist smiled.

"Not always, Sister," he said, "not always."

My Exciting Life—3

by Colonel P. T. ETHERTON

This woman would not turn her face to the camera; to take a photograph in the harem at all was the utmost concession.

Their HOMES *are* HAREMS

I HAVE often been asked by curious people about the secrets of harem life and the veiled mysteries of the East.

What is the truth about these last strongholds of feminine captivity and caprice? Where and in what measure do they still exist? How many heartbreaks go to make the average harem?

Let me draw aside the veil of mystery and reveal some of these extraordinary secrets hidden away in the robber fastnesses of Central Asia.

The scene is laid in Turkistan, the land separating India, China and Russia, where I was Consul-General for four years after the War, and where manners and customs have not changed very much for centuries.

I was bound on a State visit to General Ma, the swaggering Chinese war-lord of all that turbulent district. Official ceremonies and dinner over, he had offered to show me his harem, reputed to be one of the largest in Asia.

I rode up to an exclusive palace of wood, built by the general himself, boasting huge windows, overhanging eaves, and grotesque decoration of every description, reminiscent of a Swiss chalet gone mad.

Courtiers and retainers thronged forward bowing to the ground. A band played and jewels blazed at me on every side. The whole scene which followed rather resembled an Arabian Nights' Entertainment come to life.

General Ma, clad in priceless yellow silks, not to mention brocades and a dizzy array of medals, some of which he had presented to himself, appeared like a glittering genie in the hall of the palace to lead me up a succession of staircases into the banqueting chamber.

Bearded guests disported themselves round a table possessing the largest legs I have ever seen; priceless carpets patterned the floor with colour; scattered about the room and flaunting everywhere lay slabs of beautiful jade, sufficient to have made the fortune of anyone who could have stowed them away in his pockets.

Then came the food: not just ordinary everyday eatables, but thirty-two different dishes of nourishment with contents, in some cases, that could only be guessed at or left to the digestion. Sharks' fins, stags' tendons, large sea-slugs, platters of quivering liver, roast pork sizzling and crackling, fried mutton, pigeons' eggs preserved for years in chalk, black duck that fell to pieces when you touched it—altogether a terrific repast rounded off by succulent bamboo shoots and lotus seeds.

I sat opposite my host, this being the place of honour in Turkistan, which was a kingdom about the size of Germany, France and Spain.

Every now and then, when General Ma espied an especial tit-bit lying defenceless on the plate of another diner, he would make a dash and seize the plunder, bringing it across to me. For wine he had a decoction of his own, made out of seventy-four ingredients. I can only say that the taste for this liquor must be acquired.

At the end of the banquet, Ma clapped his hands and dancing girls appeared as if by magic. They wore the most exquisite Chinese robes belonging to the old Imperial regime. Each one was a picture.

My Chinese host asked me if I was married, and on my replying in the negative, expressed unbounded astonishment. "You have no wives to beat, then?" he exclaimed. "What is the use of being a man?"

These were Ma's dancing girls, but they had nothing to do with his seraglio beauties. The houris of the latter abode could be seen peeping and peering through a lattice-work partition at one end of the room.

They whispered and nodded at each other while watching the doings of their lord and master and the other diners.

Later, I was taken round to see some of these girls, an opportunity that would not have come my way had my host been other than a Tungan or Chinese Moslem; under Chinese authority, women were allowed to wander about unveiled, provided they kept to the palace and its precincts. A selection of the belles of central Asia met my eyes, since General Ma was a lord of women as well as war and had his pick.

As a rule, the girls of Turkistan have fair complexions and black hair; the carefully chosen collection of a powerful war-lord, however, often contains the most varied types.

Girls with tiny feet and hands and the figures of Venus can confront you; dainty Chinese women flit about like butterflies amongst the coarser women of western Mongolia. Samarkand sends fairer, blue-eyed girls, glad-eyed beauties of the harem, who would almost pass for Europeans. From Georgia come the sensuous and voluptuous types; from Caucasia, smiling feminine merchandise full of temperament and fire.

One of these charmers would be enough for most men, but Asiatic chieftains evidently believe there is safety in numbers, or possibly they develop the craving for the non-stop drama and increased dignity of a beauty chorus perpetually around them.

"All these girls are my absolute property," General Ma informed me. "I can do with them what I will. Their lives are in my hands. I can buy or sell them as I wish."

I asked him what was his chief method of obtaining supplies for his luxurious seraglio, and whether he chose any of the girls himself or knew when they arrived or departed.

"Slave markets are no longer held publicly," he told me with a knowing smile, "but they still exist in secret, though greatly reduced in size. Agents go about the country on the look out for the peaches that grow on the tree of pleasure. Few escape the trained eye of the expert. The best fruit can be purchased for a sum corresponding to about twenty gold pieces in your money."

Existence in the palace of this Chinese war-lord struck me as rather like an eastern storybook; the inmates of the harem had the use of resplendent clothes, access to the latest forms of beauty culture, and pleasant quarters, *but*, there was a darker side to all this outward glitter and display by which I was in no way deceived.

Cinderellas of a night, playthings of a moment, members of the average harem are like thistledown that any cold wind can blow away into oblivion. Their whole existence, livelihood and safety, centres upon the merest whim and caprice of their master, who may often prove a domineering tyrant. Bluebeards still thrive away in the wilds of Central Asia, far removed from the paths of civilisation or ordinary justice.

What a difference it can make whether a girl wears a sari or a skirt, sandal or shoe! All the difference between emancipation and complete servitude, between living her own life, or existing for the sole pleasure of someone else.

Who amongst them will prove the most captivating? Who will wear the finest silks and satins and win the chief favours of the lord of the harem? The daily round, feeding upon conspiracy and intrigue resolves itself into a struggle to gain the undivided attentions of one man. They live in perpetual anticipation of the judgments and decrees of one task-master. Bribery and corruption throws a cloak over everything; for them, in fact, time spends itself in a constant entry for a beauty competition that has no closing date.

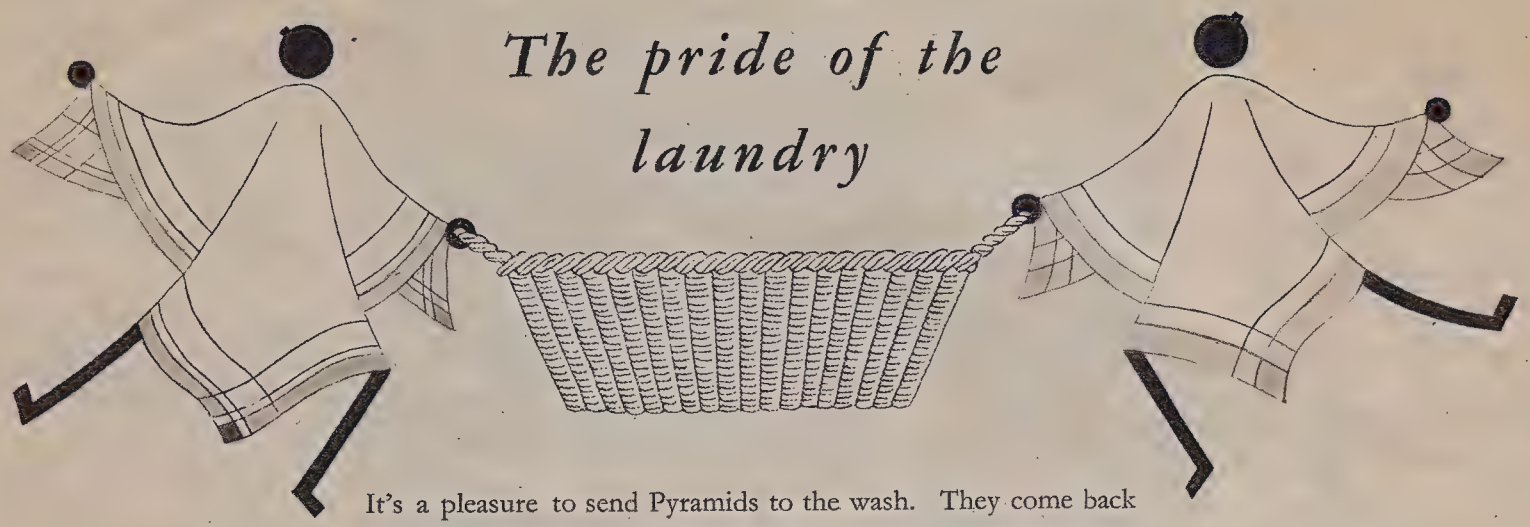
General Ma's son was a young man of twenty-seven, a sadist with a horrible laugh. He possessed all his father's vices without any of his redeeming qualities. In Britain he would have been called "a nasty piece of work," but in Turkistan he was the son of the all-powerful ruler and commander-in-chief.

"I believe in making the punishment fit the crime," he boasted to me after dinner was over. "Nothing is gained by lenience." A few days previously three girls from the palace had taken an unauthorised walk beyond the grounds. They will never do so again. He ordered them to be hung up all night to trees in the garden suspended by their arms alone. In the morning two were dead, and the other so crippled that she will never walk again.

I heard another story about a girl of fourteen, the maidservant of one of the wives, who had been caught

(*Continued on page* 15)

The pride of the laundry



It's a pleasure to send Pyramids to the wash. They come back almost better than new—their white so snowy—their colours so fresh, clean and gay. And how long your handkerchiefs live when they're Pyramids! For yourself, in fancy white and charming colours, 5d each. For your husband, plain white hemstitched 6½d, or fancy white and colours he'll like, 9d each. These prices apply only in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

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HANDKERCHIEFS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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OVERHEARD

between DOCTORS

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP BECAUSE OF THE CLOCK

"He says he can't get proper rest because the town-hall clock strikes every hour and wakes him up."

"*What does he want you to do about it?*"

"Expects me to get the authorities to stop the clock."

"*And if they did I'm afraid he'd find something else was keeping him awake—barking dogs or early milk-vans or what-not.*"

"Exactly. As Shakespeare puts it, 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars' (meaning clocks, dogs and milk vans) 'but in ourselves.'"

"*That applies to all insomnia really. You must make this man realise that the annoyance he suffers from the noises is an effect of his sleeplessness, not the cause of it.*"

"Still I've got to break the vicious circle somewhere."

"*Undoubtedly. You must break it at bedtime. But if the truth were known, there's probably nothing more at the bottom of it than a little anxiety, a little debility, and a failure to assimilate his supper.*"

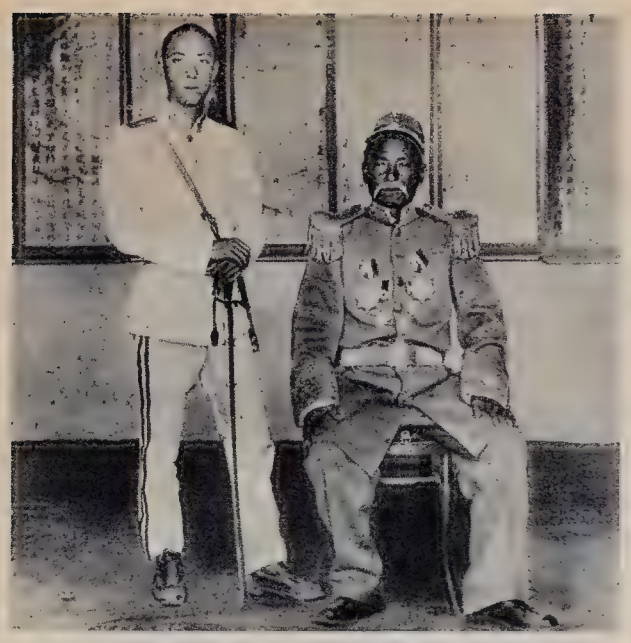
"That's the diagnosis all right, but what's the treatment?"

"*Well, if you take my advice you'll give him Cadbury's Bourn-vita food-drink every night. It'll help his digestion and build up his strength. The only trouble is he may soon be sleeping so soundly that he won't wake up for burglars!*"

¼ lb. 9D. ½ lb. 1/5 1 lb. 2/9 Weight Guaranteed

Cadbury's **BOURN-VITA** *For Digestion, Sleep and Energy*

Continuing Their HOMES *are* HAREMS



General Ma, "a lord of women as well as war." When he clapped his hands dancing girls appeared as if by magic.

stealing a jacket from the harem kitchen where she worked. On this coming to the ears of the chief, an order was given for her fingers to be cut off.

Punishments often extend to still more tragic limits, as for example in the case of another chieftain I knew, one of whose concubines had been guilty of some offence. He was determined to show the remainder of the household how to deal with offenders. The girl was taken into the harem, stripped of her clothes, paraffin was poured over her and she was set alight. Quite as sinister would be the lot of an intruder into a harem; such a man would be lucky if he were merely sentenced to be tied up in a sack and thrown into the river, a fate commonly handed out to those caught red-handed.

Torture and execution, of course, are only possible in the fanatical States of Central Asia. In most other parts of the East, there has been revolt in the harem; the Bluebeard Chieftains can no longer have it all their own way.

Not long ago, however, I heard about the case of a Moslem chief across the North-west Frontier of India, who, on hearing that one of his wives talked to her neighbour over the wall, cut her head off and threw it over to him with the message that now he could have her for good.

General Ma was supposed to have thirty-two feminine attachments to his palace. This was a mere nothing compared to the feminine household of Yukub Beg, stormy petrel of Central Asia, who raised himself from nothing to be dictator of Turkistan before the time of Ma. Stories are current about him that vie with the legends of Aladdin and Sindbad.

When death overshadowed him, threatened as he was by a powerful Chinese army marching to exact vengeance, he caused two cups of coffee to be brewed, one of which was steeped in poison. A serving-man brought in the tray of death. Arrayed in all his magnificence, Yukub Beg had the cups placed at random in a room, then he chose—drank—and fell dead.

The present Nizam of Hyderabad, premier Moslem state in India, proposed to dispense with the three hundred ladies of his father's harem, left him as legacy. But the legacy assumed a fighting attitude, stormed the palace and the Nizam was forced to make provision for them.

A certain Shah of Persia, Nasr-ed-Din, held the record where numbers were concerned, having no less than 1,500 visions of loveliness in his retinue. He did his recruiting on a vast scale, would often line up the entire population of a village or town, make his selection, and then dispatch the girls to Teheran, where they went through a course of training in etiquette and deportment.

Soon after the War, Saiyid Alam Khan, ruler of Bokhara, land of fair women and beautiful carpets, was probably the richest ruler in the world. His collection of jewels and precious stones was unequalled anywhere. Jewellery apart, his wealth approximated £35,000,000 in gold and silver ingots. All this vast treasure he offered to confide to the care of the British, if only they would make a show of annexing the state and defending him from the on-coming Bolsheviks.

For many reasons the British could not see eye to eye with the Emir of Bokhara or do what he wished, yet the offer was a remarkable testimony to British probity, and proved how high our credit stood in the heart of Asia.

The treasure hoard, greater than any secret hidden on a pirate's island in the Pacific, was kept in secret vaults in the inner city of Bokhara, known as the Ark. At daylight the gates were opened, at sundown they were closed with bolt and bar. Huge doorkeepers, reminiscent of those in the Arabian Nights, kept watch during the hours of darkness. The thoughts of thousands of women must have played with the contents of the treasure chamber, full of every imaginable variety of oriental jewellery.

Harem secrets in high Asia are still guarded as gold. Few foreigners are ever allowed to enter, for it is a close preserve where interference means death.

For my information regarding details in the lives of harem girls, I am indebted to Swedish lady doctors, who travel about ameliorating with great self-sacrifice the lot of the Asiatic.

Once inside the harem, a girl is, to all intents and purposes a prisoner for life, yet if the fame of her charm circulates abroad, she may become the objective of kidnappers and the prey of rival publicity agents. Her quarters are usually well furnished; she is provided with most things infatuation can devise, but she passes her time in an atmosphere of treachery and deceit. She must play her cards well if she is to remain in comfort, and not be cast out to worse degradation.

Always over her hangs the shadow of the newcomer, and among the most powerful Central Asian potentates, New Year's offerings usually take the form of beautiful slave girls.

Should members of the harem fall ill, a native doctor will attend them, but the rules governing the seclusion of women render the doctor's diagnosis open to considerable doubt.

A small ivory or metal figure of a woman is passed through a hole in the curtain. The patient hands the figure back through the partition indicating the spot where she feels the pain, a delightfully simple procedure, but, naturally, not rich in results.

I once asked one of these native doctors what he found to be his most infallible remedy. "I am engaged at a fee of 500 rupees daily at the palace" he told me. "I found in some cases that powdered emerald was a splendid cure."

Sick or well, in fact, houris of the harem never know what is in store for them from day to day. One of the most popular and pleasant forms of recreation among the women is the *hammam*, or bath. This is really nothing more nor less than a ladies' club, where can be heard the gossip of the day, where plots are hatched, and the pleasures of scandal freely indulged.

The art of embroidery with needle as well as tongue adds work to the picnic portion of the day. Turkistan houris are no believers in beauty unadorned. Paint and powder are freely used, in addition to a henna dye employed to defeat the arrival of grey hairs and to impart a reddish tint, the hall mark of beauty and fashion in these parts.

The rich supply carriages for drives, tea-parties are frequently given, and sweet-meats are abundant. Turkistan probably grows the finest fruit in the world; certainly its melons and peaches have no equal. Undoubtedly, the girls I met, owed much of their beauty to careful diet, that acted as a slimming process, and consisted in eating the fruits of the earth in their seasons. I noticed their complexions were wonderful, while their figures remained good, even without exercise.

To keep them in order, there are tyrannical old mothers-in-law armed with canes and sundry other unrepeatable punishments. They preside over their charges like dragons and are the duennas of the East. In many ways it would be safer to meet an irate lord of the harem, rather than one of these enraged old ladies.

With the exception of Persia, I found Turkistan, where the system of temporary marriage prevails in country districts, the only country where women can run away from one harem to another. It is a remarkable system. A woman is really married and divorced at the same moment. She marries into one harem and after a hundred days can exchange into another, provided she has the certificate of divorce, which becomes her card of entry. With one such card up her sleeve, she can use her first divorce for the purposes of the second, thus defeating the law, which states she must not marry again within a hundred days.

For the young and pretty girls, therefore, if they have a business head for such things, life can develop into one long honeymoon. In a sense, a sort of wandering matrimonial agency is set up for women in the by-ways of Turkistan.

Formidable punishments, however, can fall on the head of those detected in unfaithfulness. Without cards of identity, a woman is doomed. "She is tied to a donkey, facing its tail," a Turki told me. "Her face is blackened and she is led through the bazaars, exposed to the jeers and missiles of the crowd. A crier precedes the donkey, proclaiming the enormity of the crime."

After two miles of such an ordeal, through the dense, hostile crowds of an Eastern town, the state of the unfortunate delinquent is better imagined than described.

Yukub Beg's friend and neighbour, the Amir of Afghanistan, lived up to his reputation when he came to pay the British a visit in India. In the course of a drive round the town and cantonments, someone made the remark that here women went unveiled, and were not subject to the restriction and seclusion reigning in Moslem countries. "Yes," came the comment of the Amir. "You keep your pretty women at home—so do we."

To be Continued
NEXT WEEK

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10s. 6d. for each picture. They should enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

In Abyssinia plaintiff and defendant in a lawsuit are chained together to give them a chance of settling the dispute out of court.

A "What-is-it?" picture which actually shows from the air land newly reclaimed from the sea on the North German coast.

Perhaps the only triangular house in Great Britain, this one, called Teapot Hall, is near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

The latest American hobby is to collect old motor-car number plates. Americans change their cars often.

Continuing

When Worlds Collide

READ THIS FIRST

EARLY in the middle third of the twentieth century, a brilliant astronomer named Sven Bronson observed through a telescope in South Africa that two bodies were moving through space toward the solar system.

Bronson's calculations revealed to him that these wandering spheres would pass very close to the earth, make a circuit of our sun, and turn back toward space and infinity. The larger of the two wandering worlds would strike and annihilate the earth. In other words, his discovery was an announcement of the end of the world.

Sven Bronson knew the horrors that would attend the announcement of his awful findings.

He and Lord Rhondin, the Governor of the South African Dominion, summoned David Ransdell, a war veteran and flier, to carry the tangible proof in photographic form, to an American scientist, Cole Hendron.

Cole Hendron, the greatest astrophysicist and engineer of the century, had already been notified of the approaching doom. He and his daughter Eve, who acted as his assistant, checked Bronson's calculations.

There was no doubt. The earth was doomed.

Hendron, Bronson, and others had previously united the foremost scientists of the world in a secret organisation known as "The League of the Last Days," and these men kept the information from the public for some time. Among the first laymen to know, or guess the truth, were Ransdell, the flier, and Anthony Drake, a young New York man-about-town who was in love with Eve Hendron.

The League of LAST DAYS

by

Edwin BALMER

and

Philip WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTUNINO MATANIA

AS soon as he had breakfasted, Tony hurried to the Hendrons'. The place was policed. Men, women and children, from Park Avenue, from Third and Second Avenue, crowded the sidewalks; sound-film trucks and photographers obstructed the street. Radio people and reporters, refused admittance, picked up what they could from the throng. Tony, at last, made contact with a police officer, and he did not make the mistake of asserting his right to pass the police-lines, or of claiming too publicly that he was a personal friend of the family.

"There is a possibility that Dr. Hendron, or perhaps Miss Hendron, might have left word that I might see them," Tony said. "My name is Tony Drake."

The officer escorted him in. The elevator lifted him high to the penthouse on the roof, where the street noises were vague and far away, where the sun was shining, and blossoms, in their boxes, were read and yellow and blue.

"Hello, Tony! Come in!"

Eve rose from the pretty little green table in the gay chintz-curtained nook which they called the breakfast-room. Her eyes were bright, her face flushed the slightest bit with her excitement.

He pulled her within his arms and kissed her, and her lips, as they had last night, clung to his. They both drew breath deeply as they parted—stared into each other's eyes. Their hands held to each other a moment more, then Tony stepped back.

"I hoped you'd come first thing to-day. I thought you would. . . . It's funny what difference the formal announcement of it makes. I knew it all last night, Tony. I've known the general truth of it for weeks."

"You know exactly what's going to happen, don't you, Eve?"

"Yes. We know—we think we know, that is—exactly what's going to happen."

"It's going to be Doomsday, isn't it?"

"No, Tony—more than Doomsday."

"What can be more than that?"

"Dawn after Doomsday, Tony. The world is going to be destroyed, Tony—oh, Tony, the world is going to be most thoroughly destroyed; yet some of us here on this world, which most surely will come to an end—some of us will not die! Or we need not die—if we accept the strange challenge that God is casting at us from the skies!"

"The challenge that God casts at us—what challenge? What do you mean? Exactly what is it that is going to happen, Eve—and how?"

"I'll try to tell you, Tony. There are two worlds coming toward us—two worlds torn, millions of years ago perhaps, from another star. For millions of years, probably, they've been wandering, utterly dark and utterly frozen, through space; and now they've found our sun; and they're going to attach themselves to it—at our expense. For they are coming into the solar system on a course which will carry them close—oh, very close indeed, Tony—to the orbit of the earth. They're not cutting in out on the edge where Neptune and Uranus are, or inside near Venus and Mercury. No; they're going to join up at the same distance from the sun as we are. Do you understand?"

In spite of himself Tony blanched. "They're going to hit the earth, you mean? I thought so."

"They're not going to hit the earth, Tony, the first time round. The first time they circle the sun they're going to pass us close, to be sure; but they're going to pass us—both of them. But the second time they pass us—well, one of them is going to pass us a second time, too, but the other one isn't, Tony. The smaller one—Bronson Beta, the one about the same size as the earth and, so far as we can tell, very much like the earth—is going to pass us safely; but the big one, Bronson Alpha, is going to take out the world!"

"You know that, Eve?"

"We know it! There must be a margin of error, we know. There may not be a direct head-on collision, Tony, but any sort of encounter—even a glancing blow—would be enough and much more than enough to finish this globe. And an encounter is certain. Every single calculation that has been made shows it.

"You know what an exact thing astronomy is to-day, Tony. If we have three different observations of a moving body we can plot its path; and we've hundreds of determinations of these bodies. More than a thousand altogether! We know now what they are; we know their dimensions and the speed at which they are travelling. We know, of course, almost precisely the forces and attractions which will influence them—the gravitational power of the sun. Tony, you remember how precise the forecast was in the last eclipse that darkened New England. The astronomers not only foretold to a second when it would begin and end, but they described the blocks and even the sides of the streets in towns that would be in shadow. And their error was less than twenty feet.

"It's the same with these Bronson Bodies, Tony. They're falling toward the sun, and their path can be plotted like the path of Newton's apple dropping from the bough. Gravity is the surest and most constant force in all creation. One of those worlds, which is seeking our sun, is going to wipe us out, Tony—all of us, every soul of us that remains on the world when it collides. But the other world—the world so much like this—will pass us close and go on, safe and sound, round the sun again. . . . That world may save us."

"Save us? What do you mean?"

"That's what the League of the Last Days is working on, Tony—the chance of escape that's offered by the world like ours, which will pass so close and go on. We may transfer to it, Tony, if we have the will and the skill and the nerve! We could send a rocket to the moon to-day, if it would do us any good, if anyone could possibly live on the moon after he got there. Well, Bronson Beta will pass us closer than the moon. Bronson Beta is the size of the earth, and therefore can have an atmosphere. It is perfectly possible that people who are able to reach it can live there.

"It's a world, perhaps very like ours, which has been in immutable cold and dark for millions of years, probably, and which now will be coming to life again.

"Think of it, Tony! The tremendous, magnificent adventure of making a try for it! It was a world once like ours, circling around some sun. People lived on it; animals and plants and trees. Evolution had occurred there, too, and progress. Civilisation had come. Thousands of years of it, maybe. Tens of thousands of years—perhaps much more than we have yet known. Perhaps, also, much less. It's the purest speculation to guess in what stage that world was when it was torn from its sun and sent spinning into space.

"But in whatever stage it was in, you may be sure it is in exactly that stage now; for when it left its sun, life became extinct. The rivers, the lakes, the seas, the very air, froze and became solid, encasing and keeping everything just as it was, though it wandered through space for ten million years.

"But as it approaches the sun, the air and then the seas will thaw. The people cannot possibly come to life, nor the animals or birds or other things; but the cities will stand there unchanged, the implements, the monuments, their homes—all will remain and be uncovered again.

"If this world were not doomed, what an adventure to try for that one, Tony! And a possible adventure—a perfectly possible adventure, with the powers at our disposal to-day!"

At ten o'clock the gong rang and the stock market opened. There had been no addition to public knowledge in the newspapers. The news-ticker carried, as additional information, only the effect of the announcement on the markets in Europe, which already had been open for hours.

It was plain that the wild eyes of terror looked across the oceans and the land—across rice-fields and prairies, out of the smoke of cities everywhere.

The stock market opened promptly at ten with the familiar resonant clang of the big gong. One man dropped dead at his first glance upon the racing ticker.

On the floor of the Exchange itself there was relative quiet. When the market is most busy, it is most silent. 'Phones were choked with regular, crowded speech. Boys ran. The man stood and spoke in careful tones at the posts. Millions of shares began to change hands at prices—down. The ticker lagged as never in the wildest days of the boom. And at noon, in patent admission of the obvious necessity, New York followed the example already set by London, Paris and Berlin. The great metal doors boomed shut. There would be no more trading for an indeterminate time. Until "the scientific situation became cleared up."

Tony hung on to the telephone for half an hour after the shutting of the mighty doors. His empire—the kingdom of his accustomed beliefs, his job—lay at his feet. When he hung up, he thought vaguely that only foresight during the depression had placed his and his mother's funds where they were still comparatively safe in spite of this threat of world cataclysm.

Comparatively safe—what did that mean? What did anything mean to-day?

Tony procured his hat and walked out. Everyone else was on the street—people in herds and throngs never seen on Wall or Broad Street or on this stretch of Broadway, but who now were sucked in by this unparalleled excitement from the East Side, the river front, the Bowery and likewise down from upper Fifth and from Park Avenue. Women with babies, pedlars, elderly gentlemen, dowagers, proud mistresses, wives, schoolchildren and working people, clerks, stenographers—everywhere.

The deluge of humanity was possessed of a single insatiable passion for newspapers. A boy with an armful of papers would not move from where he appeared before he sold his load. News-trucks, which might have the very latest word, were almost mobbed.

The latest newspaper contained a statement from the White House. The President requested that on the morrow everyone return to work. It promised that the Government would maintain stability in the country, and inveighed violently against the exaggerated reaction of the American people to the scientists' statement.

Tony smiled. "Business as usual! Business going on as usual during alterations," he thought. He realised more than ever how much his countrymen lived for and believed in business.

He took a taxi to the Hendrons' apartment. More than a block away from the building he had to abandon the cab. The crowd and the police cordon about the apartment both had increased; but certain persons could pass, and Tony learned that he still was one of them.

Several men, whose voices he could overhear in loud argument, were with Cole Hendron behind the closed doors of the big study on the roof. No one was with Eve. She awaited him alone.

She was dressed carefully, charmingly, as she always was, her lovely hair brushed back, her lips cool to look at, but so warm upon his own!

He pressed her to him for a moment; and for that instant, when he kissed her and held her close, all wonder and terror was sent away. What matter the end of everything if first he had her?

The voices beyond the closed door shouted louder, and Tony released her.

"Who's here?"

"Six men: the Secretary of State, the Governor, Mr. Borgan, the chief of a newspaper chain, two more." She was not thinking about them. "Sit down, but don't sit near me, Tony; we've got to think things out."

"Your father's told them?" he asked.

"He's told them what will happen first. I mean, when the Bronson Bodies—both of them—just pass close to the world and go on round the sun. That's more than enough for them now. It's not time yet to tell them of the encounter. You see, the mere passing close will be terrible enough."

"Why?"

"Because of the tides, for one thing. You know the tides, Tony; you know the moon makes them. The moon, which is hardly an eighthieth of the world in mass, but it raises tides that run forty to sixty feet, in places like the Bay of Fundy."

"Of course—the tides," Tony realised aloud.

"Bronson Beta is the size of the earth, Tony; Bronson Alpha is estimated to have eleven or twelve times that mass. That sphere will pass the first time within the orbit of the moon. Bronson Beta will raise tides many times as high; and Bronson Alpha—you can't express it by mere multiplication, Tony. New York will be under water to the tops of its towers—a tidal wave beyond all imaginations! The sea-coasts of all the world will be swept by the seas, sucked up toward the sky and washed back and forth. The waves will wash back to the Appalachians; and it will be the same in Europe and Asia. Holland, Belgium, half of France and Germany, half of India and China, will be under the wave of water. There'll be an earth tide, too."

"Earth tide?"

"Earthquakes from the pull on the crust of the earth. Some of the men writing to father think that the earth will be torn to pieces just by the first passing of Bronson Alpha, but some of them think it will survive that strain."

"What does your father think?"

"He thinks the earth will survive the first stress—and that it is possible that a fifth of the population may live through it, too. Of course, that's only a guess."

"A fifth?" repeated Tony. "A fifth of all on the earth?"

He gazed at her, sober, painless, without a sense of time.

Eve was watching him. Through the years of their friendship and fondness she had seen Tony as a normal man, to whom everything that happened was happy, felicitous and unbizarre.

Now, as she watched him, she thought that she would meet with him—and she exulted that it would be with him—the most terrific reality that man had ever faced.

The sudden unmuffling of the voices warned them that a door from the study had opened. Instantly the voices were dulled again; but they turned, aware that someone had come out.

It was her father.

For a few moments he stood regarding them, debating what he should say. Beyond the closed door behind him the men whom he had left increased their quarrel among themselves. He succeeded in clearing his mind of it.

"Father," Eve said, "Tony and I—Tony and I——"

Her father nodded. "I saw you for a few seconds before you realised I was here, Eve—and Tony."

Tony flushed. "We mean what you saw, sir," he said. "We more than mean it. We're going to be married as soon as we can—aren't we, Eve?"

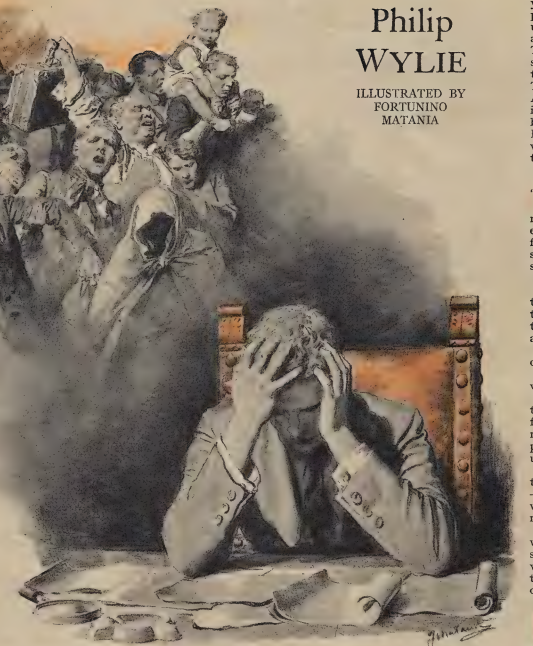
"Can we, father?"

Cole Hendron shook his head. "There can't be marrying or love for either of you. No time to tell you why now, only—there can't."

"Why can't there be, sir?"

"There's going to be altogether too much else. In a few months you'll know. Meanwhile, don't spoil my plans for you by eloping or marrying in the Church Around the Corner. And don't go on doing—what I just saw. It'll only make it harder for both of you—as you'll see when you figure out what's before you. Tony, there's nothing personal in that. I like you, and you know it. If the world were going to remain I'd not say a word;

(*Continued on page 18*)



The passing of the Bronson Bodies would cause earthquakes on a scale unimaginable. Half the inland cities would be shaken down.

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Continuing The League of Last Days

but the world cannot possibly remain. We can talk of this later."

The study door again opened, someone called him and he returned to the argument in the next room.

"Now," demanded Tony of Eve, "what in the world, which cannot possibly remain, does he mean by that? That we shouldn't love and marry because we're going to die? All the more reason for it—and quicker, too."

"Neither of us can possibly guess what he means, Tony; we'd be months behind him in thinking; for he's done nothing else, really, for half a year but plan what we—what all the human race—will have to do. He means, I think, that he's put us in some scheme of things that won't let us marry."

The argument in the room broke up and the arguers emerged. In a few minutes they all were gone, and Tony sought Cole Hendron in his big study, where the plates which had come from South Africa were spread upon the table.

There were squares of stars, usually the same square of stars repeated over and over again. There seemed to be a score of exposures of the identical plate of close-clustered stars.

"You were down-town to-day, Tony?"

"Yes."

"To-day they took it, didn't they? They took it and closed the Exchange, I hear, and half the businesses in town have a holiday. For they've known for quite some time that something has been hanging over them, hanging over the market. This morning we half told them what it is; and they thought they believed it. Just now I told six men the other half—or most of it—and—and you heard them, Tony, didn't you?"

"Yes, I heard them."

"They won't have it. The world won't come to an end, it can't possibly collide with another world, because—well, for one thing it never has done such a thing before, and for another. they won't have it. Not when you dwell upon the details. They won't have it. To-morrow there'll be a great swing-back in feeling, Tony. The Exchange will open again; business is going on. That's a good thing; I'm glad of it. But there are certain drawbacks.

"The trouble is, men aren't really educated up to the telescope yet, as they are to the microscope. Every one of those men who were here just now would believe what the microscope tells them, whether or not they could see it or understand it for themselves. I mean, if a doctor took a bit of cell-tissue from any one of them, and put it under the microscope, and said, 'Sorry, but that means you will die,' there isn't a man of them who wouldn't promptly put his affairs in shape.

"None of them would ask to look through the microscope himself; he'd know it would mean nothing to him. But they asked for Bronson's plates. I showed them; here they are, Tony. Look here. See this field of stars? All those fixed points, those round specks, every single one of them are stars. But see here; there is a slight—a very slight—streak, but still a streak. There, right beside it, is another one. Something has moved, Tony! Two points of light have moved in a star-field where nothing ought to move! A mistake, perhaps? A flaw in the coating of the plate? Bronson considered this and other possibilities. He photographed the star-field again and again, night after night; and each time, you see, Tony, the same two points of light make a bit of streak. No chance of mistake; down there, where nothing ought to be moving, two objects have moved. But all we have to show for it are two tiny streaks on a photographic plate.

"What do they mean? 'Gentlemen, the time has come to put your affairs in order!' The affairs of all the world, the affairs of everyone living in the world. Naturally, they can't really believe it.

"Bronson himself, though he watched those planets night after night for months, couldn't really believe it; nor could the other men who watched in other observatories south of the equator.

"But they searched back over old plates of the same patch of the sky; and they found, in that same star-field, what they had missed before—those same two specks always making tiny streaks. Two objects that weren't stars where only stars ought to be; two strange objects that always were moving, where nothing 'ought' to move.

"We need only three good observations of an object to plot the course of a moving body; and already Bronson succeeded in obtaining a score of observations of these. He worked out the result, and it was so sensational that from the very first he swore to secrecy everyone who worked with him and with whom he corresponded. They obtained, altogether, hundreds of observations; and the result always worked out the same. They all checked. . . . Eve says she has told you what that result is to be."

"Yes," said Tony, "she told me."

"And I told these men who demanded—ordered—me to explain to them everything we had. I told them that those specks were moving so that they would enter our solar system, and one of them would then come into collision with our world. They said, 'all right.'

"You see, it really meant nothing to them originally; it stirred only a sort of excitement to close the Exchange and give everybody a hilarious holiday.

"Then I told them that, before the encounter, both of these moving Bodies—Bronson Alpha and Bronson Beta—would first pass us close by and cause tides that would rise six hundred feet over us, from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, London and Paris and all sea-coasts everywhere.

"They began to oppose that, because they could understand it. I told them that the passing of the Bronson Bodies would cause earthquakes on a scale unimaginable; half the inland cities would be shaken down, and the effect below the crust would set volcanoes into activity everywhere, and as never since the world began. I said perhaps a fifth of the people would survive the first passing of the Bronson Bodies. I tried to point out some of the areas on the surface of the earth which would be comparatively safe. I could not designate New York or Philadelphia or Boston. . . . They told me that to-morrow I must make a more reassuring statement."

Next day, Tony went down-town; he visited his office. Habit held him, as it was holding most of the hundreds of millions of humans in the world this day. Habit—and reaction.

What was threatened could not be! If Cole Hendron and his brother scientists refused there were plenty of other people to put out reassuring statements; and the dwellers on the rim of the world regained much of their assurance. The President of the United States pointed out that, at worst, the sixty scientists had merely suggested disturbances of importance, and he predicted that if they occurred they would be less than was now feared.

In a taxi later in the day, Tony found the street suddenly blocked by a delirious group of men with locked arms, who charged out of a door, singing—drunk, senseless.

Tony was on his way to the Newark Airport, where a certain pilot, for whom he was to inquire, would fly him to the estate in the Adirondacks which had been turned over to Cole Hendron.

Eve awaited him in a garden surrounded by trees. In the air was the scent of blossoms, the fragrance of the forest, the song of birds. It bore new qualities, a new interpretation of the external world, distinct from the tumultuous cacophony of the city.

She was in white, with her shoulders and arms bare, her slender body sheathed close in silk. All feminine, she was—too feminine, indeed, in her feeling for the task she set for herself. Would she succeed better at it if she had garbed herself like a nun?

An airplane droned in the twilight sky and dropped to its cleared and clipped landing-field. Eve rose from the bench beside the little pool, which was beginning to glint with the reflection of Venus, the evening star. She trembled, impatient; she circled the pool and sat down again.

Here he came at last—and alone, as she hoped.

"Hello, Tony!" She tried to make it cool.

"Eve, my dear!"

"We mustn't say even that! No—don't kiss me or hold me so!"

"Why? . . . I know your father said not to. It's discipline of the League of the Last Days. But why is it? Why must they ask it? And why must you obey?"

"There, Tony. Just touch my hands like this—and I'll try to explain to you. But first, how was it in the city to-day?"

Tony told her.

"I see. Now, Tony, let's sit here side by side—but not your arm around me. I want it so much, I can't have it. That's why, don't you see?"

"I don't see," Tony said. "What's to forbid my loving you now, my taking you in my arms, my——"

"I wish we could, Tony!"

"Then why not?"

"No reason not, if we were surely to die here, Tony—with all the rest of the world; but every reason not to, if we go on the Space Ship."

"I don't see that!"

"Don't you? Do you suppose, Tony, that the second streak in the sky—the streak that we call Bronson Beta which will come close to this world, and possibly receive us safe, before Bronson Alpha wipes out all the rest—do you suppose, Tony, that it was sent just for you and me?"

"I don't suppose it was sent at all," objected Tony impatiently. "I don't believe in a God Who plans and repents and wipes out worlds He made."

"I do. A few months ago I wouldn't have believed in Him; but since this has happened I do. What is coming is altogether too precise and exact to be unplanned by Intelligence somewhere, or to be purposeless. For those two streaks—the Bronson Bodies—aren't cutting in on our little system out by Neptune or Jupiter, where they'd find no living thing. They've chosen, out of all space near us, the single sphere that's inhabited—they're directed for us. Directed—*sent*, that is, Tony. And if the big one is sent to wipe out the world, I don't believe the other is sent just to let me go on loving you and you go on loving me."

"What is your idea, then?"

"It's sent to save, perhaps, some of the results of five hundred million years of life on this world; but not you and me, Tony."

"Why not? What are we?"

Eve smiled faintly. "We're some of the results, of course. As such, we may go on the Space Ship. But if we go we cease to be ourselves, don't you see?"

"I don't," persisted Tony stubbornly.

"I mean, when we arrive on that strange, empty world—if we do—we can't possibly arrive as Tony Drake and Eve Hendron, to continue a love and a marriage started here. How insane that would be!"

"Insane?"

"Yes. Suppose one Space Ship got across with, say, thirty in its crew. We land and begin to live—thirty alone on an empty world as large as this. What, on that world, would we be? Individuals paired and set off, each from the others, as here? No; we become bits of biology, bearing within us seeds far more important than ourselves—far more important than our prejudices and loves and hates. We cannot then think of ourselves, only to preserve ourselves while we establish our kind."

"Exactly what do you mean by that, Eve?"

"I mean that marriage on Bronson Beta—if we reach it—cannot possibly be what it is here, especially if only a few, a very few of us, reach it. It will be all-important then—it will be essential to take whatever action the circumstances may require to establish the race."

"You're mad, Eve. Your father's been talking to you."

"Of course he has; but there's only sanity in what he says. He has thought so much more about it, he can look so calmly beyond the end of the world to what may be next that—that he won't have us carry into the next world sentiments and attachments that may only bring us trouble and cause quarrels of rivalry and death. How frightful to fight and kill each other on that empty world! So we have to start freeing ourselves from such things here."

"I'll be no freer pretending I don't want you more than anything else. What sort of thing does your father see for us—on Bronson Beta?"

She evaded him. "Why bother about it, Tony, when there's ten thousand chances to one we'll never get there? But we'll try for it—won't we?"

"I certainly will, if you're going to."

"Then you'll have to submit to the discipline."

His arms hungered for her and his lips ached for hers, but he turned away.

Inside the house he found her father.

"Glad to see you, Tony. We're going ahead with our plans. I suppose you knew I had been counting on you?"

"For what?" Tony inquired brusquely.

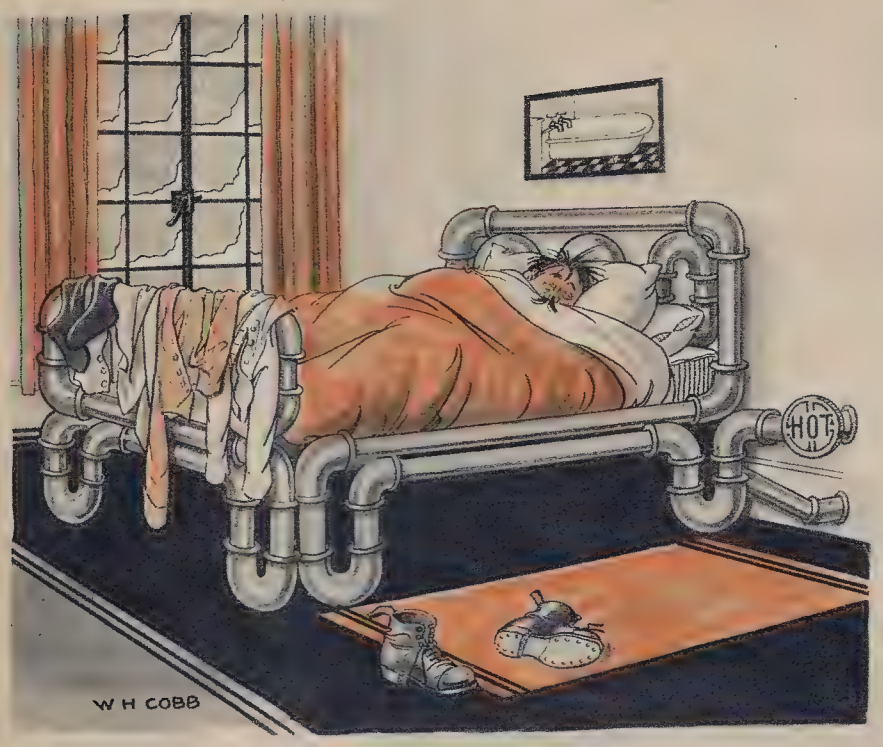
"For one of my crew. You've the health and the mind and the nerve, I think. It's going to take more courage in the end than staying here on the world. For we will all leave—we will shoot ourselves up into the sky while the world still seems safe. We leave, of course, before the end; and the end of the world will never be really believed till it comes. So I need men of your steadiness and quality. Can I count on you?"

Tony looked him over. "You can count on me, Mr. Hendron."

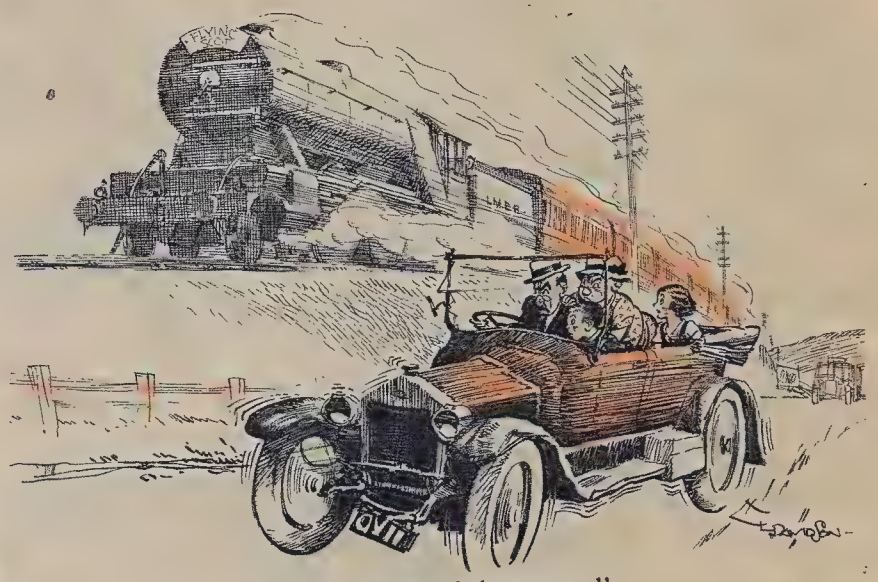
NEXT WEEK: Preparing for the end of the world.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section



The plumber keeps warm in bed.



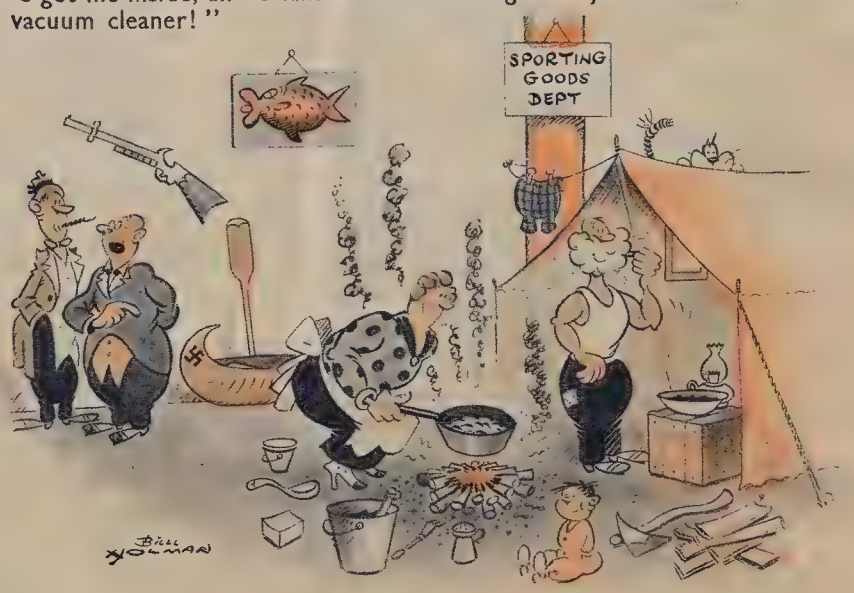
" Now, Henry, *do* let it pass."

Leader of Waits: "Where've *you* been—an' where's the collectin' box ?"

Collector: " Last 'ouse I called at, I showed the bloke the box, an' 'e got me inside, an' 'e talked so I couldn't get away till 'e'd sold me this vacuum cleaner! "

" But, Constance!—what ? "

" It's all right, ma'am, we've won the fourth prize in that Christmas raffle."

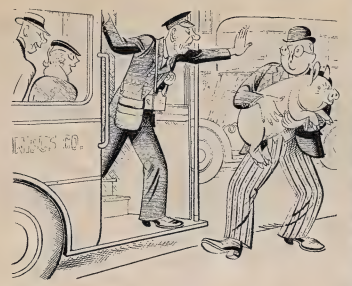


" I don't know—they've been here about a week now."

"What do you mean by answering the bell, cook—where's Mary?"
"Well, you see, Mum, I 'appens to be dummy."

A MAN WINS A RAFFLE

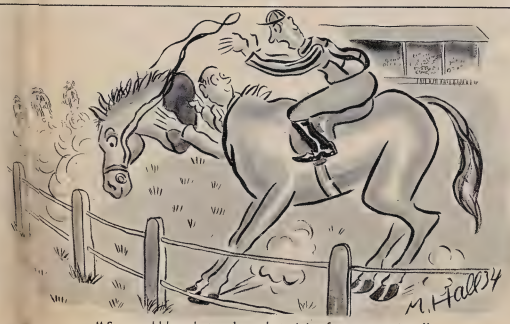
by A. C. BARRETT



"Aw, come on—don't be superstitious."

"And to think, Guv'nor, only last summer I was carryin' buckets of water two blinkin' miles!"

Sailor (Home on Christmas leave): "Blimey, Margery! I like the Christmas decorations."



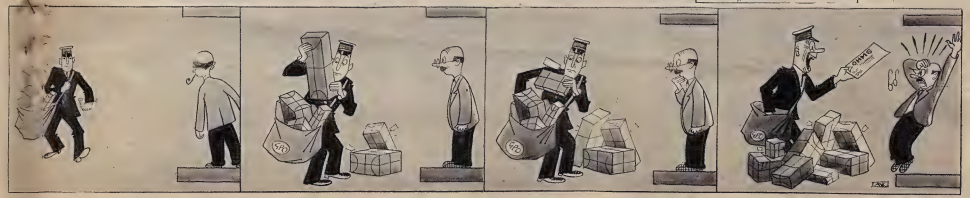
"Sorry, old boy, but we're only training for a pantomime"

The Pessimist.—*Deutsche Illustrierte*, Berlin.

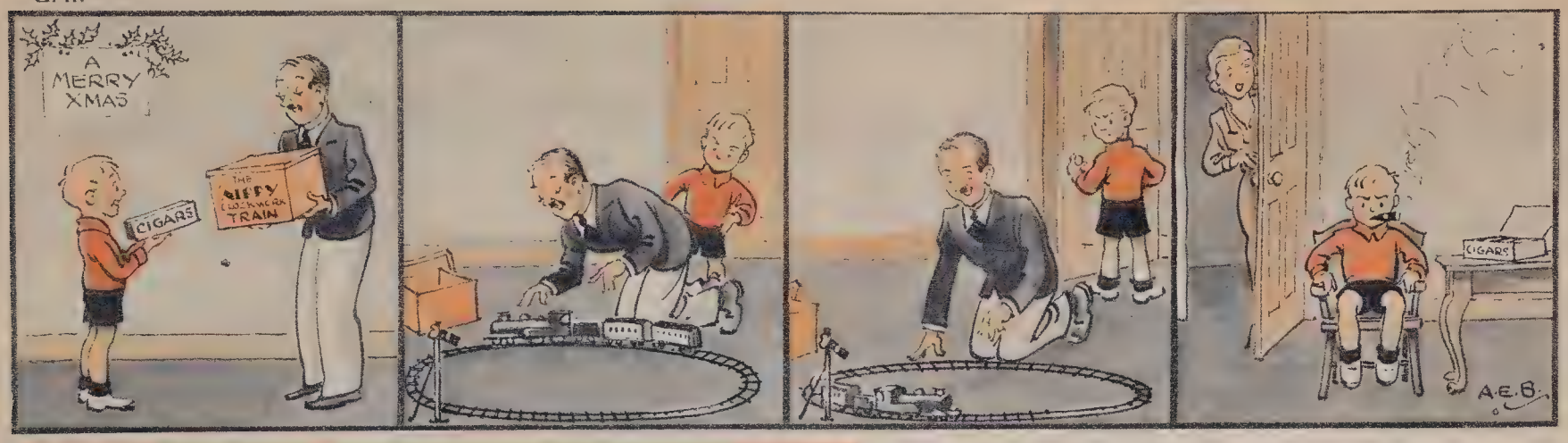
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

Teller: "The next window for withdrawals, please!"—*Smith's Weekly*, Sydney.

"I can't send Arthur a snap from here or he will think I ran it down with the car."
—*Der Lustige Sachse*, Leipzig



CHIP



MABEL LUCIE Says "WOT A LIFE!"

Me line's not wot it used to was
So - tho' it's such a bore -
I exercised an' starved each day,
The same as all the books all say,
An' found - I weighed POUNDS more!

The absent-minded Father Christmas.

OLD BILL AND BERT

by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

PRIVATE LIVES

– No. 142 –

Sir William Bragg

by the Private Secretary

SCIENTIFIC GRANDPA

A HOT July sun was flooding the drowsy foothills, making the gorse crackle and loading the air with its honey-sweet scent. Sheep were moving lazily as they fed on the short Cumberland turf, and watching over them, from his seat on the top slab of the stone wall, a shepherd smoked his peaceful pipe.

A small boy passed, and the shepherd touched his hat. He knew him well, this small boy with the big, solemn head, and bony limbs. He was always wandering about the hills.

Many a time the old shepherd had wondered what he was at, stopping here to look at something—a bit of a plant, or a bush, maybe; idling there as he listened to the notes of a bird or the distant bark of a sheep dog, echoing stonily about the rocky higher slopes.

He would have been surprised, that old shepherd, could he have lived long enough to learn what it was about. This was all of sixty-five years ago, near Wigton, Cumberland.

Unheard Sounds

And the raw-boned, pre-occupied boy was William Henry Bragg, who grew up to be Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory. Sir William Bragg, O.M., F.R.S., he is to-day, Director of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

This famous scientist is seventy-two years old. Sixty-five years is a long time, but Sir William has been true to the visions he was creating in his mind when he wandered among the heather, the sheep and the rocks of those sunswept Cumberland foothills. The hero of his dreams was then Michael Faraday. Faraday is his hero to-day, and he studies him now even more keenly than he did half a century ago. Bragg is the greatest living authority on Faraday.

To the general public, Bragg is best known, perhaps, for the lectures he gives every Christmas at the Royal Institution. He has a way of making the most abstruse matter clear and interesting. His lectures on The World of Sound opened up new fields to most who heard them.

He will explain to you how there can be notes so high that adult humans cannot hear them, yet children and dogs can. He knows just how the cricket makes his "crick." He knows a great deal about the sounds of nature that was never known before—sounds that town-dwellers never hear; for you will remember he was studying them as the shepherd watched him, sixty-five years ago.

He still studies them to-day.

When you call upon Sir William and he offers you his hand, together with that keen glance of his, your impression of him is somewhat grim. He looks like his native hillsides, rugged, strong, unrelenting. Here is an obstinate man, you think: a man who goes his way unmindful of anything or anyone.

But your impression is wrong. You have ignored a key to his character. That hero-worship from boyhood onwards of Michael Faraday. When he smiles at you, you know that here is a kindly man, sympathetic, even sentimental. He has a humorous and good-humoured mouth, and in spite of that chin like the Rock of Gibraltar, you recall the stories that are told of him and his grandchildren. He tells them tales by the hour at his house at Chiddingfold in Surrey.

His work as Director of the Royal Institution keeps him very busy. He lives in London, in the charming apartments above the Institution. The fine building, which makes a landmark in Albemarle Street, was rebuilt some years ago, and the flat in the top storey was modernised.

Idea for Belisha

Two outstanding features of the apartments were wisely left untouched—the drawing-room and the fine old panelled library. In that library it seems impossible that the roar and hustle of Piccadilly is only a few yards away.

Bragg is an avowed enemy of unnecessary noise. No one to-day—not even musicians—can lay claim to the subtle appreciation of delicate sounds cultivated by Sir William.

His mind lives in a gossamer of significant sounds. He believes that the day will come when the police will be equipped with instruments to measure the volume of sound, so that action may be taken against those who break the laws relating to offensive noise.

The simplest sounds open up a world of new wonders to children when he explains them. Modern fairy tales, he will tell you, about bells, and the almost inaudible note of the tiny wren—but his fairy tales are true. . . .

Sir William Bragg came down from the hills . . . with a chin like the Rock of Gibraltar.

Yes, Golf

In 1929, Lady Bragg died, and in her Sir William lost a loyal and enthusiastic co-operator in all he did. They were married forty-five years ago and throughout their married life Lady Bragg shared his tremendous enthusiasm for scientific research. They met first in Australia, where Lady Bragg's father was Government Astronomer of South Australia.

Sir William's entire life centres round science and Faraday. In his library you are most likely to find him reading of Faraday. If he is writing at his desk, it is likely he is making notes about this man. Yet he believes in keeping fit, and he is very keen on his game of golf.

Most of his week-ends are spent at Chiddingfold. He is attached to his garden, as may be imagined. Frequent visitors are his son (also a distinguished scientist), and his daughter. There are four grandchildren, and there is nothing they like more than to climb about their grandfather as he sits on his lawn, and beg for another story.

When you have a grandfather who can tell such wonderful stories about noises a little girl or boy can hear—noises a dog can share but not grown-ups—you make use of him. Besides, not even the gardener knows as much about worms and caterpillars as Grandfather does.

Man he Saved

Sir William has a mind that is not above contemplating the ordinary problems of life and the day. His genius is blended to ingenuity—and this, indeed, is lucky for his associates as much as for science.

Group-Captain Crosby Halahan, who is a neighbour of Sir William at Chiddingfold, has much for which to be grateful to him. He lives by an invention of Sir William's — a mechanical chest. It is worked from the water main, and rests upon a table by the bedside. The regular "tick-tick" of the machine reminds you that it is pressing and releasing the muscles in such a way that the sufferer is able to breathe . . . and so to live.

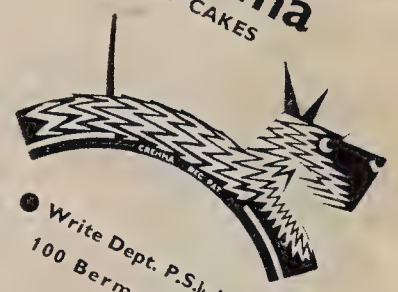
Sir William prefers to spend what leisure evenings he has quietly. But he is no hermit. He thoroughly enjoys a good play, as also he enjoys the cinema. Sometimes you may see him alone in the theatre or cinema, but more often his son or daughter is with him.

He is not above setting his feet high on the chimney corner and digging himself into a thriller while the fire crackles and blazes below. Like many another learned man, he appreciates the value of change. Life cannot be all Faraday, though, no doubt, Bragg would like it to be. It is difficult to picture Michael Faraday as the hero of a thriller, sponsored by Edgar Wallace.

Sir William Bragg will be busy this week with the conference of the Institute of Radiologists. He will be happy. Visitors from all over Europe are attending. Mathematicians, scientists, astronomers, physicists.

Think of all the learned men to talk to about Faraday!

● FREE SAMPLE OF
Cremma
DOG CAKES



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100 Bermondsey Wall, S.E.16

● The biscuit with Vitamin B
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Protect Health and Beauty

Wright's safeguards your skin from irritation and infection and improves its tone. This fine, pure soap is the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. Ask for the new, larger tablet in the maroon-and-yellow pack at the same 6d price. Or 1/6 in boxes of 3.

WRIGHT'S
coal tar SOAP

Jan Kiepura in the forthcoming production "My Heart is Calling"

STARS that charm

You will be charmed by these new Cork Tipped Cigarettes. The delicacy of their flavour is a pleasure to your palate—the elegance of their appearance a tribute to your good taste. Your friends, too, will be charmed by a cigarette you are proud to offer.

WILLS's

STAR

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

In Cambridge blue packets and boxes

10 FOR 4D.

Also sold in boxes 30 for 1/-

S.64

A *Strange* PRESCRIPTION

"COME on, old fellow! I'll look after you!"

As my senses struggled back from the depths of a coma, induced by a heart attack, these were the first words I heard. They were spoken by a friend who had happened to come in and who had been assisting my wife to bring me round.

He was a good friend, and he kept his promise, as this story will show.

But first, in order that you may understand what follows, you must know the real cause of the trouble.

I had suffered more than a year of constant financial worry. Day and night it gnawed at my brain, undermining my strength. A sudden chill to an ill-nourished body, and then, five weary months bedridden with rheumatic fever and its attendant evils. Then up again and out long before a complete recovery; in such circumstances, the ever more menacing growls of the "wolf at the door" driving me forth!

No job! The endless looking for an opening. Hope grown sick, and then, at long last, a job. But what a job it was! Door to door canvassing in the nethermost depths of the depression and a heavy case of samples ever drag, drag, dragging, like the ball and chain of the old-time convict.

I was still quite lame in one leg and hampered by a right arm all but useless with swollen and rheumatic knuckles and joints.

Never enough to eat! And recompense? Sometimes almost as much as thirty shillings in one week, and that meant never more than ten or twelve shillings for food when the rent had been paid.

I had three kiddies, one an infant in arms, and my wife still suffered from the results of nursing me for five months.

It was during this period that an old friend, in a vein of sarcastic humour, and not knowing the real state of affairs, sent four stamps as a caustic reminder to my wife that a letter was overdue. What a godsend! Those stamps bought two loaves!

So, you see, a heart already weakened by the fever, gave out and started taking periodic rests at most inconvenient times.

Well, my friend's help took the form of arranging an interview for me with a heart specialist of his acquaintance. He must have told the old gentleman some, at least, of the details of the case, in particular that I had strenuously refused his oft-repeated offers of help of any kind.

When he told me what he had done, I was worried, as just then, I had no idea whence a specialist's fee was to come. However, after a consultation with my wife, we, between us, raked up about twenty-five shillings and, as the case was desperate, I took my courage in my hands, swallowed my pride, and promised her I would go and offer what we had and mortgage the future for the rest, if the doctor would agree.

The appointment was for the evening, but I set off in the early morning in the hope that I could increase our capital ere the interview was due, and anyhow, it's easier to be hungry away from one's near and dear ones.

I tramped miles that day and about noon felt the near approach of another attack. Thank goodness it did give some warning!

I was lucky. I managed to reach a chemist's shop before I collapsed. I spent an hour or more in his back room ere I was again strong enough to face the dear ladies who had so little time for the wares I was so desperate to sell them.

But I suppose I must not be too hard on them, even in my thoughts, since one did express what probably all thought, namely that I was "a cut or two above the job of hawking" and "where was the catch?"

This was doubtless because, even with things at their worst, I managed to keep my threadbare suit clean and pressed and my hat free from dust, and my accent was still that of the school to which I had been. But "a cut or two above hawking" somehow made them suspicious, and luck, the jade, seldom came my way.

I remember, as I struggled up the long hill that led to the terrace where my specialist dwelt, wondering if I should manage it, and after all whether it was all worth it. Why not let go? Why not let the old heart stop for keeps? Indeed, why not help it to stop?

When the full meaning of this last question dawned on me, I sat down on the sample case and pondered. My wife and kiddies would be ever so much better with a crock like me out of the way. You see, I stood between my wife and her parents just as she stood between me and my more than comfortable family.

It was cold and beginning to rain with a promise of snow or sleet to come, and as I started up the hill again, the question repeated itself. Well, after all, why not get out of the way?

I looked up and found myself outside my destination. With what relief I laid down my sample case as I awaited an answer to my ring!

A manservant opened the door and eyed the case with disfavour, but he led me in and my state of mind was not improved by being shown into a comfortable dining-room to wait whilst he went to see if Mr. —— could see me. The comparison with the somewhat squalid digs we now inhabited was almost too much for me! Here was the proper setting for my jewels! Not the one-roomed existence their cleaving to me forced upon them.

"Will you come this way, sir?"

The unfamiliar form of address startled me out of my gloomy reverie and I followed the man into his master's study.

Courtesy and gentleness met me everywhere and I, in my weak state, was hard pressed not to break down altogether.

"Hum-m! Yes, quite! Just sit down here and, when I have adjusted the bandage, clench your hand and bend your arm along the top of the desk, so! Dear me!

"Well, that's all! You can put on your clothes now whilst I write a note and, if you will excuse me, I'll just give my man some instructions."

So it was over! As I dressed, I wondered what the verdict would be.

I had scarcely clad myself when the butler again entered the study and this time he carried a tray with a syphon, decanter and glass, a generous supply of cold chicken and bread and butter—*real* butter, if you know what that means after countless meals of nothing but more or less stale bread with the most meagre scrape of the counterfeit.

I doubt if I managed to keep the hungry light out of my eyes, for if ever I envied anyone, at that moment I envied the doctor what I took to be a hurried meal snatched between consultations. But I was due for a pleasant surprise.

"Now, my boy, you must not take it as an insult from a man more than old enough to be your father, but wrap yourself round that, after you've had a real stiff peg."

My protest was, I fear, more feeble than I could have wished, but it was overruled, and as I ate and drank, the old gentleman discussed my case.

"Come on old fellow. I'll look after you." Those were the first words I heard.

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten Guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

I was bad, he said. My heart was nearly double its normal size. I must take care. No running after trams. No lifting heavy weights. A gentle course of a drug, for which he would give me a prescription. No. He would give me a supply. It was damnably dear to buy. He got it cheaper wholesale, anyhow.

"But the truth is, your heart is not the worst feature of the case," he went on. "It will get better. Mine was just as bad when I was twenty-five, and I'm nearing seventy now and working harder than ever. The naked truth is that you are more than half starved! What about those children of yours? What are they like?" he demanded, and I hastened to assure him that, however short we went ourselves, we nearly always managed to satisfy them.

"Your wife must be a brick," he said. "One in a thousand! And since she is, I shall give you a prescription which will do you both good and which she can make up by herself from things she either has in the house or can readily get at the local shops."

I had finished eating and was nervously handling the note and odd silver in my pocket, wondering, meanwhile, how I could talk about his fee, and how on earth suggest his taking what I had and having the balance when I could make it. He turned to me again and handed me an envelope with instructions to give it to my wife since it contained the prescription of which he had spoken.

I thanked him for his advice and his hospitality. I managed, somehow or other, to ask what his fee was and, at the same time, to suggest he should take what I had and I would give him the balance as soon as I could.

"Damn the fee! Take it and buy some steak and onions and something nice to eat for the kiddies, and get away back to that wife of yours who has been worried almost to death, wondering what I have had to say. Fee! I don't want any fee from you. Some day, when you are fit and have turned the corner on the highroad to success, come and see me or write to me. That's all I want. Now, off you go! No. Wait a moment!"

He turned to the telephone and spoke to someone on what must have been a private line. When he turned to me again, he was smiling and offering his cigarette case.

"Smoke whilst you wait! I've just rung for the car, and my man will drive you home."

I was too overcome to note my leave-taking. Indeed, I was not fully myself when the car drew up at the door of what, for want of a better, I was then calling home. Somehow I had left the doctor and arrived home.

My wife was alone, the children being asleep, and she insisted on hearing the minutest details of my interview. It was only at the very end of the recital that I remembered the envelope with its prescription, which she was to make up herself.

I drew it out and handed it over. Eagerly she opened it and drew out the contents, placing them, with shaking fingers, on the table.

There, between us, lay the prescription! Two new five pound notes and a card with the inscription: "His heart will mend but it will be no good without a body. Feed him and yourself and all will be well."

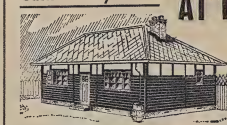
And now I cannot write and I cannot see him, at least till I, too, turn that other corner whence there is no return.

My wife followed the prescription. I gradually recovered. Shortly afterwards I got a slightly better job and, although we are not yet round that corner, it is in sight.

The PASSING SHOW, December 8, 1934

SUPERIOR QUALITY BUILDINGS

Cash or Easy Terms **AT LOWEST PRICES**



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TIMBER BUILDINGS THAT SHOW A DEFINITE SAVING—WHY HESITATE?

IRON BUILDINGS From £4 — BEACH HUTS From £11 — SHELTERS From £4 10s. — HUTS From 47s. 6d.

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TWO-ROOMED BUILDINGS, From £15

WHY NOT VISIT US?

ENTERTAINMENT HALLS From £28

LIST of ALL TYPES of BUILDINGS, POST FREE

C. ALBERT & Co Dept. P.S.

187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON S.W.2.

Crashed in a T.T. Race

AT 75 MILES PER HOUR "AND THE WATCH STILL GOING O.K."!

Photo by kind permission of "The Motor Cycle."

STANLEY WOODS, the well-known racing motor-cyclist, has regularly used his Services Watch in his many T.T. and other successes during the past six years.

Messrs. The Services Watch Co., Ltd., Leicester.

Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing you herewith my Services wrist watch which I wore sewn to the back of my glove in the recent Junior and Senior Tourist Trophy Races.

As you will remember, I crashed on the Senior Race at Kirk Michael Corner at a speed of at least 75 miles per hour, and although the glass of the watch was smashed to fragments and the case badly bent and scratched, you will see that the watch is still running O.K.

I am returning same, because I think it would make an interesting souvenir. I will be glad if you will let me have another one to take its place at your earliest convenience, as I would not like to be without my "Services" in a Race.

Sincerely yours,

[signature]

This letter is remarkable testimony and conclusive evidence of the shock and vibration-resisting qualities of Services Watches. Could anything be more convincing?

Modern timekeeping demands a high standard of reliability. Services Watches are built to stand any test a watch is called upon to make. Post the coupon for illustrated catalogues for Services Models from **5/- to £5.**

With 12-hour or 24-hour Universal Dials!

DAVENTRY

Shock and Vibration Proof. Dust and Damp Proof. Chromium Case. Modern Silvered Dial. Latest Index Markings. Complete with Strap, as illustrated.

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To THE SERVICES WATCH CO., LTD. (Dept. P.S.2), Leicester.
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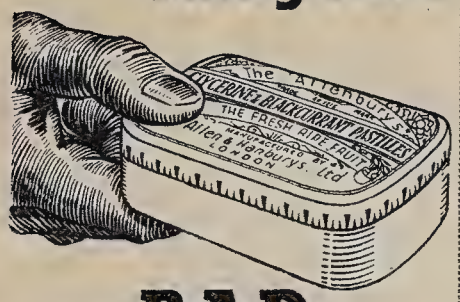
HCT

A Very Good Thing for a



BAD THROAT

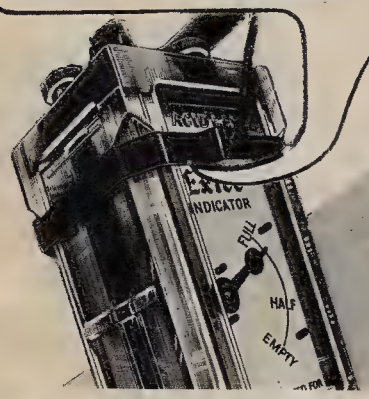
When there's a wretched tickling in your throat that makes you feel miserable and annoyed, an 'Allenburys' Pastille will stop the trouble and put your throat at ease. Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe blackcurrants, they are both delicious and effective. Try a tin to-day.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

"My 'Indicator' tells you the battery time"



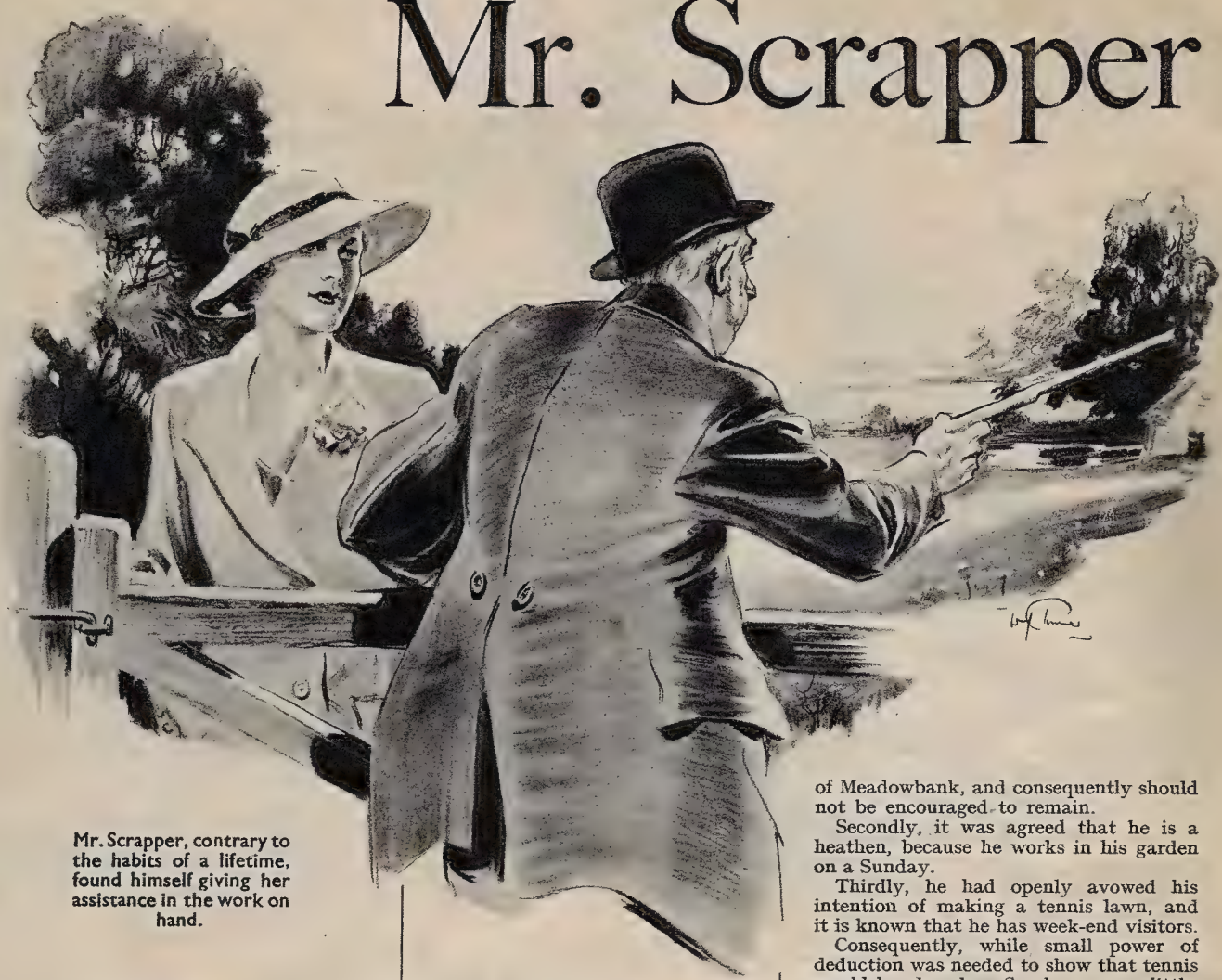
The EXIDE 'INDICATOR' Battery tells you in time the time to recharge. No more doubts or disappointments—you can *depend* on what the 'Indicator' says. Only Exide have it. Ask for Exide 'D' Type.

FOR DRY BATTERIES—
Try **Drydex**

Exide AND **Drydex**

From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers.
EXIDE BATTERIES, EXIDE WORKS, CLIFTON JUNC., Nr. MANCHESTER

The BETRAYAL *of* Mr. Scrapper



Mr. Scrapper, contrary to the habits of a lifetime, found himself giving her assistance in the work on hand.

A Long Complete Story by S. L. Bensusan

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. TURNER

"I DON'T wonder th' furriner bin an' sold th' light'us," said Mr. Scrapper to a group of his friends and neighbours who had been discussing the event in Market Waldron sale yard.

"That don't surprise me any," he went on. "Telly f'r why. Ever since he come, three year agoo, he bin worriting me to sell him th' little meddies round th' house, an' I towd him no, I 'ouldn't do it.

"Last time he ast me," continued Mr. Scrapper, indignantly, "he should ha' said that if I 'ouldn't sell him no land for to make a garden an' a tennis-court an' a gerridge, he gotter goo. 'Goo an' welcome,' I sez. 'Nobody ain't never ast ye down here what I've heerd on, an' you don't belong by th' good rights. But don't come astin' me to gi'e ye fields to play tennis on come Sunday afternoons, 'cause I set under Reverend Blazer, an' he don't howd with such goin's on.' A nice thing," concluded Mr. Scrapper, "f'r me what's a God-fearin' man an' me father afore me, to set in me own room an' see heathens an' Papishers playin' tennis on th' Lord's day. Did, me fields 'ouldn't grow nawthen, an' sarve me right."

Mr. Scrapper had summed up the situation in a nutshell. The "furriner," Mr. George Playfair by name, while suffering from enthusiasm or mental aberration, chanced upon the attractive little house at the corner of the road, on the hilltop overlooking Mr. Scrapper's ample steadings and Elizabethan home.

The cottage is comfortable, square-built, and Georgian, with eight rooms of more than ordinary height, commanding the beautiful views that have earned for it the local name of "Lighthouse," and standing in the centre of a very small garden, perhaps a quarter of an acre in all.

Mr. Playfair bought the place and improved it out of recognition, but when he had cultivated the garden up to the hilt he realised its incompleteness and sighed for more fields to conquer. Unfortunately, all the fields belonged to Mr. Scrapper, that worthy widower, but sour, who lives with a sister rather more sour than himself and twin boys with red hair and freckled faces.

Miss Scrapper is a "Meetinger"—that is to say, she goes to Chapel. Mr. Scrapper goes to Church, and it is tacitly understood between them that, since if one is wrong the other must be right, whoever has guessed correctly is to speak up for the delinquent on Judgment Day.

In the same way Mr. Scrapper votes Conservative and Miss Scrapper Liberal; they feel that by this means they keep a foot in two camps and incidentally they share in the entertainments of both political parties. Labour has not invaded Maychester.

To gain his ends, Mr. Playfair offered considerably more than the agricultural value for the three little paddocks of about two acres each that ring him round, and though his proposal was received coldly he persisted, being a man who has never learned to take "No" for an answer.

Mr. and Miss Scrapper argued the matter out over the tea-supper table through long evenings in great detail, and with more than a little bitterness, because their family relations are not harmonious, but when all the arguments had been delivered there was an agreed judgment.

It was to the effect that in the first place Mr. Playfair is a foreigner, has no born right to be anywhere in the neighbourhood of Meadowbank, and consequently should not be encouraged to remain.

Secondly, it was agreed that he is a heathen, because he works in his garden on a Sunday.

Thirdly, he had openly avowed his intention of making a tennis lawn, and it is known that he has week-end visitors.

Consequently, while small power of deduction was needed to show that tennis would be played on Sunday, a very little imagination sufficed to show that the Recording Angel would lay the responsibility for this violation of the Sabbath not so much to the charge of Mr. Playfair, who is already doomed to everlasting fires, as to the charge of those who gave him the ground on which to play.

Therefore, his application must meet with a refusal.

When, in Maychester, you have nothing to gain from being polite, you are bluntly outspoken.

Nothing daunted, that obstinate man repeated his importunities twice a year for three years, talking meadowland in the early spring when money is scarce on farms, and in the early autumn when the harvest has not been realised. But the answer remained the same, though the terms associated with refusal became increasingly bitter.

The battle between cash and conscience had only been won because ill-will came to the aid of the latter.

So when Mr. Playfair announced that he was putting up the cottage, with its furniture, for sale, and that he was shaking the dust of Meadowbank from off his feet, Mr. Scrapper declined to be grieved.

"We're well riddy o' th' likes o' he," said his sister more sourly than ever, and with no shadow of a fear for the future. She is older than her brother Obadiah and she rules him, though he knows it not.

Some few weeks after Mr. Playfair had disappeared, Messrs. Trudge & Buffle, the Market Waldron auctioneers who had put a board up, took it down again, and Mrs. Somerton arrived.

She is a quiet, early-middle-aged, gently-spoken lady with very blue eyes and golden hair, a most ingratiating smile and the prettiest little daughter, her mother in miniature.

Her maid told the tradespeople that Mrs. Somerton had bought the house and the furniture and that she had come down into that part because she is a musician and wished to be quiet in order to write. This statement caused some rather adverse comment and more than a little suspicion,

(*Continued on page 28*)

YOU ARE AS OLD AS YOUR LEGS!

Bad legs can age you more than any other affliction.

KEEP THEM FIT WITH "ELASTO"

How the Leg-Weary are being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon cease when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

"Oh! My Poor Legs!"

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad circulation, rheumatism, and leg troubles in general, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.* **Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.**

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, *which dissolve instantly* on the tongue, and is the simplest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto say—Then Test This Wonderful Remedy Yourself!

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg: arterio-sclerosis; are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me." Etc.

Beware of Imitations. Insist on ELASTO.

Not Magic But Acts Like it.

SEND FOR A GENEROUS SAMPLE FREE

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

SIMPLY fill in the attached Coupon for a Free Sample and a special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—Now, while you think of it. Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

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COUPON

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

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Passing Show, 8.12.34. .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

STICKY FINGERS!

PARTIES, dances, cards, in the car or train . . . how many times you long to cleanse and cool your hands and face. And now you can do so without reaching farther than your handbag or pocket.

CLEANSED & REFRESHED IN A MOMENT WITHOUT SOAP OR WATER

Carried in a little box no larger than a compact, One-da Wafers are a self-contained means of removing dust and grime, perspiration or grease. A gentle rub and your skin is perfectly cleansed, cooled and soothed.

Cologne perfumed and self-drying—you do not even need a towel! Beneficial to the skin and so utterly convenient.

GET A BOX TO-DAY and be ready for the many occasions when soap and water are out of reach.

ONE-DA *Protected by Patent*

CLEANSING WAFERS

From all Hairdressers, Chemists, Garages, etc.

PER BOX 1/3 HANDBAG SIZE: 6D.

SEND 6d. TO-DAY for special Handbag or Vest Pocket size and name of nearest dealer, to Osborne, Garrett & Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

As EASY as washing your face

...to wipe away

UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6.

Continuing

The BETRAYAL *of* Mr. Scrapper

because if you are a musician you play, you don't write.

Moreover, the general opinion of Meadowbank, expressed in the "Wheatsheaf" and elsewhere, was to the effect that if you do wish to play the piano you can do it as well in the place where you were born as in a place to which you have not been invited.

But Mrs. Somerton has a way of disarming most antagonisms. She introduced herself to Mr. Scrapper and, with a most ravishing smile, asked if she might be allowed to buy her eggs and her milk from his farm. In consideration of her paying fifty per cent. more than the local market price and sending her maid for the goods, Mr. Scrapper had no objection.

Presently she met Miss Charity Scrapper, only to find, if one must use vulgar terms, that in this direction she was destined to cut no ice. Miss Scrapper looked with proper horror upon that buxom and attractive woman, fearful lest her charms should draw her brother from the realms of widowerhood and impose upon the house a mistress other than herself.

Still, it was not good policy on her part to abuse the lady in unmeasured terms because, as her brother is prepared to disagree with her very completely on most subjects under the sun, he naturally found himself in opposition here. He felt he must encourage Mrs. Somerton, if only to annoy his sister, and this view was strengthened every time he met the widow, while for some reason or another such meetings were frequent.

Mrs. Somerton was badly in need of advice. She wanted to know what to pay the man who came to do her gardening; she wanted to know who the most reliable tradesmen were, what she had better plant, and when. Then, too, she wanted Mr. Scrapper to criticise her own gardening work, and the flowers she raised in the little greenhouse.

Although Obadiah is a busy man, whose life is divided very strictly into two parts, six days of hard labour and one day of hard prayerfulness, he found it was difficult, not to say impossible, to resist importunities that were associated with very large blue eyes and a seductive smile. He gave advice freely, consoling himself with the thought that it cost nothing.

Within a few months of the newcomer's arrival, relations between brother and sister at Foxholes Farm were on the strained side. Miss Scrapper did all that lay in her to be rude to Mrs. Somerton. She would pass her on the road if she could, stare at her without recognition from the living-room window, speak ill of her at the mothers' meeting at which she assisted—in short, she gave everybody very definitely to understand that she regarded the intruder with suspicion and dislike

Unfortunately, Mrs. Somerton appeared to have no eye for the obvious. She continued to greet Miss Scrapper as though she were one of her oldest friends, she would press her to come to tea and ask her to bring Charley and Dick to meet little Elaine, whom they amused mightily. In short, she would ignore anything that savoured of neglect or rudeness, while Obadiah himself, who sensed these proceedings from afar, would rage furiously.

He went to tea once or twice and took the boys; but there was always an adult third party so that the proprieties were never endangered. Miss Scrapper could not find any valid objection, though her heart whispered of trouble.

One day at the tea table of the "Lighthouse," while the twins were dividing their attention unevenly between demure Elaine and a very large plum cake, Mrs. Somerton inquired about the previous tenant. "What was the late owner like?"

In a fit of confidence, Mr. Scrapper told her what manner of man he was, how he sought to buy the surrounding fields, and how he would undoubtedly have played tennis on Sunday. Mrs. Somerton's pretty face flushed with indignation; she goes regularly to church.

"Tennis on Sunday!" she murmured. "No, you don't really mean that, Mr. Scrapper? How horrible! I could have understood it if he had wished to make a nice lawn; if he even had put a summer-house on it, so that he could sit and read on a Sunday afternoon. How very pleasant it would be," she mused, "to spend the Sabbath, after church, with a good book and such a glorious view."

"Same as he'd been that sort of man," said Mr. Scrapper, "I count I might ha' sold he the meddies. They ain't much use to me nowadays, I allus gotter cross th' road to them. Time we had "foot and mouth" in these parts you couldn't take any cattle to 'em for more'n a month. I dussnt' use 'em. But he kep' all on, 'ouldn't take no. Th' most obstinacious owd muck ever I see," he concluded, merging his manners in his wrath.

"If I had those three meadows," said Mrs. Somerton dreamily, "I should turn one of them into an orchard and I should ask you, Mr. Scrapper, to tell me the best fruit trees to grow, so that I might have something that would be very beautiful. You would see all the blossom in the spring and all the fruit in the autumn from your living-room. The other meadow, I think, I should keep for croquet, but I never play croquet on Sundays; the third meadow I should turn into a flower garden with a summer-house. And sometimes when you had nothing better to do, Mr. Scrapper, perhaps you'd come and have tea with me there? Don't you think that would be very jolly?"

Mr. Scrapper, looking at her as though entranced, agreed that it would be very jolly indeed. There were moments, and this was one, when he thought of Mrs. Somerton changing her name and of sister Charity changing her address. It was the vision splendid, marred only by the thought that the lady did not do her own cooking. To take a wife is one thing, to take a cook as well is two.

"I don't see," concluded Mrs. Somerton, disturbing his deep reflection, "how anybody could have asked a religious man, like you to allow them to have a tennis lawn. I call that putting temptation in people's way. I'm so glad you stood up against the fellow."

When autumn came, Mr. Scrapper brought the twins to tea again and, while they did their duty, one might almost say did it manfully, he complained that, owing to a wet harvest, ruin was staring him in the face. Ruin often does this, and Mr. Scrapper should have grown quite used to the scrutiny, so it is a little hard to say why he should have been particularly bitter about it on this occasion. Perhaps he was looking for sympathy. It was forthcoming.

"My dear Mr. Scrapper," said Mrs. Somerton, "I'm so glad you told me. I wonder if I could be of any help to you? I have some money lying idle in my bank. I told the manager only last week to put it on deposit for me; there is £150 doing nothing. I'll tell you what; I'll take those three little pastures from you, if you like, for the hundred and fifty, and with your help and advice I will have the croquet lawn and the orchard and the new flower garden that I've thought about. Perhaps the money will tide you over?"

Mr. Scrapper remained silent; he found himself in two minds. His own position would be easier, though not considerably easier, by the sudden addition of the money to his own banking account. But he has money—and he had refused forty pounds an acre for the six acres from Mr. Playfair.

On the other hand it was easily possible, even pleasant, to refuse anything to him; it was extremely difficult to reject the offer of assistance from such a pleasant help in time of passing trouble. So he suggested that although the land was really worth fifty pounds an acre, he would let her have the two smaller fields for £150.

To his astonishment, Mrs. Somerton did not close with this chance. With a swiftness that surprised him, she picked up a copy of the "Landshire Chronicle

(*Continued on page* 30)

Passing Shots

"Every actress considers that tragedy is her forte," comments a critic. And that forty is her tragedy!

◆ ◆ ◆

"If fellows want me to give them a loan," writes a novelist in a newspaper article, "let them ask me by letter." Evidently he dislikes the personal touch.

◆ ◆ ◆

"If, by some marvellous invention, darkness was made impossible, who would worry?" demands a sports writer. The manufacturers of luminous wrist watches.

◆ ◆ ◆

According to a medical correspondent, human energy is regulated like the gears of a motor-car. And some errand-boys seem to make good use of the reverse.

◆ ◆ ◆

A judge reminded a navvy that he could not choose just where and when to work. And yet the poor fellow is expected to take his pick?

◆ ◆ ◆

A card posted in Colchester in 1924 has just been delivered in Beccles. This seems to bear out the truth of the Postmaster-General's slogan that it *is* quicker to telephone.

◆ ◆ ◆

A doctor's advice to cure a cold is to go to bed and eat raw onions. And what a thrill to offer the sick-bed visitor a bite of your pungent vegetable instead of the customary grapes!

◆ ◆ ◆

At a meeting of postage-stamp collectors in London, the proceedings were opened with a part song by members. It seems that hectic spirit of whoopee is beginning to pervade our most innocent pastimes.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Ankles can be beautified and strengthened by walking bare-footed in the dewy grass," says a writer. The leg muscles and the vocal chords are also beneficially exercised if a stray chestnut is encountered.

◆ ◆ ◆

An Essex town crier has retired. It is denied that he is crossing the Atlantic to provide a picturesque touch in Hollywood streets by crying the daily divorces.

"It's only silly old women who believe in miracles nowadays," states a writer. That explains their presence in beauty parlours.

◆ ◆ ◆

A serious shortage of flat fish, due to the north-easterly gales, is reported. It's a chill wind that blows no one N.E. food!

—and Slips

Half a crown will be paid to the sender of each "Slip" published. Actual cuttings must be sent. If more than one reader submits the same "Slip" prize will be awarded to first opened. Address "Slips," PASSING SHOW, *93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Unless they Stage All-in Wrestling?—Remember it's your Little Theatre and you simply can't be a *strangler* there.—*The Clydebank Press.*

Another Impending Apology.—Miss—, elder daughter of Mrs. —, has become a *film distress.*—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

A Storm In a Tea-cup?—The fifth form girls crowded from the study, leaving Rosalie looking down at the round robin with *tea-dimmed* eyes. —*Schoolgirl's Weekly.*

It Wouldn't Tempt Us.—Devonshire.—Young fellow of good family can be taken on Pedigree *Pig* Farm *as one of family.*—Advt. in *Morning Post.*

No Ill-Feeling, Anyway.—A keenly contested game ended in a *soreless* draw.—*Larne Times.*

Our Automatic Automobiles.—Joan Weston pressed down the accelerator of her little two-seater with a frown.—*The Windsor Magazine.*

He should Have Oiled It.—The boy was riding a *penal* bicycle down Spring Hill.—*Evening Herald.*

Something New in Screen Spectacles.—The film opens with a kidnapped Cleopatra being tied up to a stake in the *dessert.*—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*

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"Got it! I'll give him a Valet"

"The advertisement says it takes *ten seconds to strop and ten seconds to clean.* That will stop his precious excuses for being late in the mornings! What else is it they say? Oh yes—*weeks of perfect shaving with every blade, and a new edge for every shave.* Marvellous! That means a 'Valet' will save him a small fortune in blades. I'll go along to a 'Valet' dealer and choose one right away."

This is the No. 56 COMPANION SET. In black folding case, contains self-stropping 'Valet' razor, strop and five blades, also two tubes containing 'Valet' shaving brush and stick of shaving soap. Complete for **12/6**

No. 55. NICKEL SET. Contains self-stropping 'Valet' razor, three 'Valet' blades and a strop of good quality in hinged container. The whole is contained in a highly polished nickelled case lined velvet **7/6**

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JOLLY GOOD THEY'RE MALDANO'S!

Always accept the old lady's invitations . . has such marvellous cocktails. Moves with the times doesn't she? . . only buys first class stuff though, like Maldano's"

The glorious vivacity of choice wine wedded to the subtlest of flavours. A different thrill from each blend

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To obtain 4/6 bottle for 3/6 send this advertisement with your address to P.S.5, Gale, Lister & Co. Ltd., Galista House, Leeds. (Do not send cash.)

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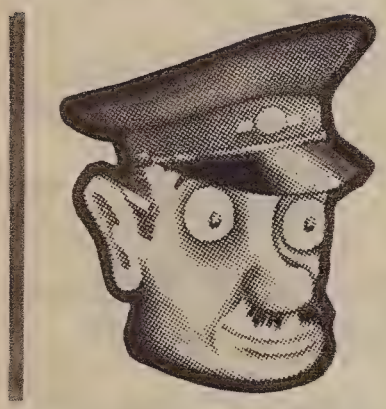

Warm as toast . . . throat at ease . . .
That's the ticket . . "More fares, please .

Go—suck a ZUBE

Slip a Zube in your mouth when you go out in the cold or fog or enter the germ-laden atmosphere of buses or trains. Zubes soothe the throat and chest and afford you instant relief from hoarseness and tickling. Zubes and safety first, this winter!

ZUBES

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2½D. Per ounce loose

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

Continuing

The BETRAYAL of Mr. Scrapper

and Market Waldron Intelligencer" and pointed out to Mr. Scrapper that the many sales recorded in that respectable, even venerable publication, showed land in the immediate neighbourhood fetching no more than twenty pounds an acre with buildings on it.

Furthermore, she said, quite frankly, she was not a business woman and did not know how to bargain, so she really did not mind if she did not have the land. Only she thought that a hundred and fifty pounds might be useful in emergency, and as the money was doing nothing, she did not like to think of a friend going short, if it might benefit him.

There has always been something about the prospect of hard cash that has appealed to Mr. Scrapper, even though it is not needed. When you add to a hundred and fifty pounds, golden hair, blue eyes, a delicate complexion and a smile to match, and compare that collection of good things with three little paddocks standing high, commanding lovely views, but a little inaccessible for ordinary acts of husbandry, it is not hard to strike the balance.

Yet he hesitated. Perhaps what really struck that bargain in the end was the consciousness that his sister Charity would be very annoyed. She had troubled him greatly of late by reason of her jealousy and her criticisms of Mrs. Somerton.

So Mr. Scrapper explained that he had not been bargaining at all; he only wanted her to know that he was dealing with her "friendly like," and suggested that they should get along with the business.

Thereupon, in the development of the promptitude that had taken him by surprise, she proposed driving on the following morning to Market Waldron, to take the Title Deeds to his solicitors and clinch the matter.

Needless to say, the solicitors themselves, the respected firm of Mastiff, Whale and Dump of the High-street in that town, were not prepared to deal so abruptly with a matter of moment. When it comes to selling land, all manner of documents, abstracts of title, conveyances and the rest must be prepared in draft, then fair-copied and sent to the solicitors on the other side; if procedure were too simple, the legal profession would soon be out of work.

But sufficient was done to enable Mrs. Somerton to pay a deposit and take a receipt with the assurance that the work should be expedited. In the meantime, she agreed with Mr. Scrapper to keep the matter a secret. So not until the assignment had been stamped and full payment made, did Miss Charity Scrapper learn that her brother had sold to the foreigner the land that he had refused to sell to her predecessor.

There was great trouble in Foxholes, for both Mr. and Miss Scrapper proceeded to describe to each other with perfect accuracy their respective shortcomings.

But Mrs. Somerton became very busy. Two men, "furriners" both, arrived on the scene and began to work on the land; they laboured through the winter. Housed in the village and working under a kindly but vigilant supervision, they did not discuss their own or their employer's business, so that they were very unpopular.

But they worked with a will. They cut turf off the best of the paddocks and levelled the ground, and then put the turf back and rolled it until there was a fair space of greensward that would have admitted at least three games of croquet simultaneously.

Mrs. Somerton asked Mr. Scrapper for his advice as to fruit trees, but it is to be confessed that she did not take it; the trees that arrived bore labels that were unfamiliar to the late owner of the orchard ground.

Even in talking of the flower garden, she spoke of strange, unfamiliar things called herbaceous borders, and when he offered to help her by growing pink geraniums in his own glasshouse, she astonished him by saying that she had no special love for these most beautiful flowers.

Yet so kind and so gracious was her behaviour that Mr. Scrapper felt no inclination to complain. He was becoming more and more conscious of the loneliness of widowerhood.

He found himself, contrary to the habit of a long lifetime, actually giving her assistance in the work on hand, carting gravel for the paths from his own pits, and crazy pavement from the distant station, lending her a man or two at odd times to carry on some of the heavier work.

To be sure, he charged her fifty per cent. above market rates, but he was breaking a long established rule when he lent active aid to a furriner. He had some idea that, if he married, the Georgian house would do for Charity, but at the same time he felt that far too much money had been spent if it was to serve that end. Moreover, it would leave her in a position to oversee his happiness.

But when the spring had come and winter was over and gone, when the first of the new fruit trees were blossoming, Mrs. Somerton, meeting him on the road near Foxholes Farm, said "I'm afraid, Mr. Scrapper, I have to say goodbye."

Mr. Scrapper gasped with astonishment. "You ain't agoin' out o' these here parts," he cried almost anxiously. For long weeks he had been screwing courage to the sticking point, weighing pros and cons, wondering whether, since a cook would be a necessity, she would be prepared to provide one at her own expense.

"I'm afraid I have to, Mr. Scrapper," she said. "You know I came down here to have a complete change and do a little composition. The place has agreed with me so well that now I feel I can go back to my friends. I have handed the house over to a cousin of mine who says he knows the neighbourhood. He will be coming down next week. I hope you will like him. I have told him how kind you have been to me. He will live here altogether."

Mr. Scrapper walked away without a word, feeling like a man in a dream, or rather a nightmare, a nightmare of bad bargaining. To say he was astonished, perplexed, even angry, is to understate the case.

He realised in some dumb way the probability, nay the certainty that Mrs. Somerton had sold the property at a figure considerably greater than that which she had given for it, chiefly by reason of the additional land he had parted with at very little more than the correct price.

Any secret affection that the strong silent man may have had for Mrs. Somerton perished with the thought of a profit diverted from him. In some confused fashion he felt he had been cheated.

When he announced over the tea table that the lady of the Lighthouse was going back where she belonged and Miss Charity Scrapper remarked happily that it was a pity she ever left there, her brother refrained from the retort discourteous.

Mrs. Somerton passed. A week followed, ten days, and then, one afternoon, when Mr. Scrapper took his walk abroad, he saw a familiar figure leaning over the gate that leads to the orchard; yes, a familiar figure, seemingly a friendly one.

But his heart sank, for it was none other than Mr. Playfair.

"Whatever you doin' on down here," he remarked when he found his voice. "Thought you been an' give this place up. Happen you've come on a visit?"

"No, Mr. Scrapper," explained Mr. Playfair genially. "I haven't come on a visit, I've come to stay."

"To st'y," repeated the farmer. "You ain't agoin' to st'y in these here parts agen?"

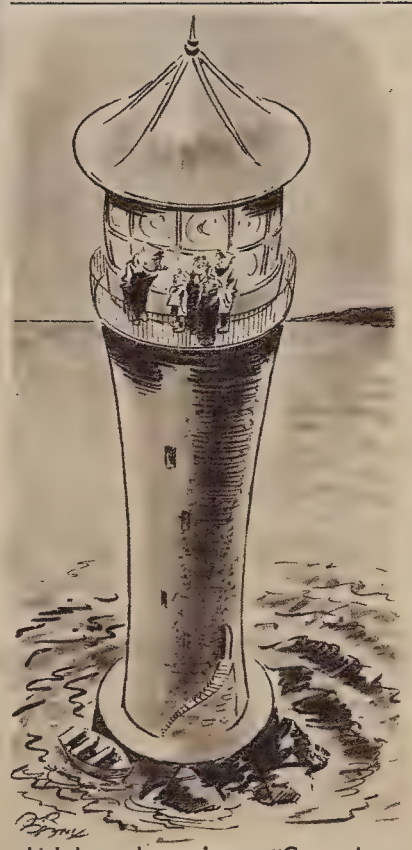
"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Playfair, "I am. You see I could not get along before, because there was not really enough ground to make the tennis lawn and the orchard and the garage I wanted. So, as my cousin was wanting a change of air in a bracing place, I offered her the house for a year. I said she should have it free of rent if she could persuade you to sell the paddocks. You understand by now that she is far more persuasive than I am; you could not find it in your heart to refuse her the land when she asked you for it." Mr. Scrapper gasped.

"You sold it at such a moderate price," the cruel voice went on "that I have been able, on the difference between what I offered and she paid you, to plant the orchard, lay out the tennis ground and get most of my herbaceous border. I hope now I am down here we shall be quite good friends. I would ask you to come and play tennis with us sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, but I expect that would be an empty compliment, if you have never played before. But I hope you'll come to tea and bring the twins."

Mr. Scrapper said nothing; words refused to come to his aid. He staggered home, and as Miss Charity Scrapper explained to a friend when telling the story months afterwards, "I never see Obadiah flinch from his appetite afore. But he did that night. I thought he'd ha' took to his bed o' sickness."

Nobody told, but everybody knows. When Mr. Scrapper visits Market Waldron he is beset with all manner of uncouth jests. There is a great bitterness in his heart against all "furriners."

On sunny Sunday afternoons in the time of the heat and flame of full breathed summer, Mr. Scrapper draws the curtains of his living room, to shut out the sight of the happy furriners and Papishers playing tennis. There is no need to shut the windows; they were never made to open.



Lighthouse keeper's son: "Can we have the boat out, Dad? We want to go ashore carol singing." [From "Printer's Pie," Xmas No., now on sale.]

SHAW'S PLAYS FOR YOU

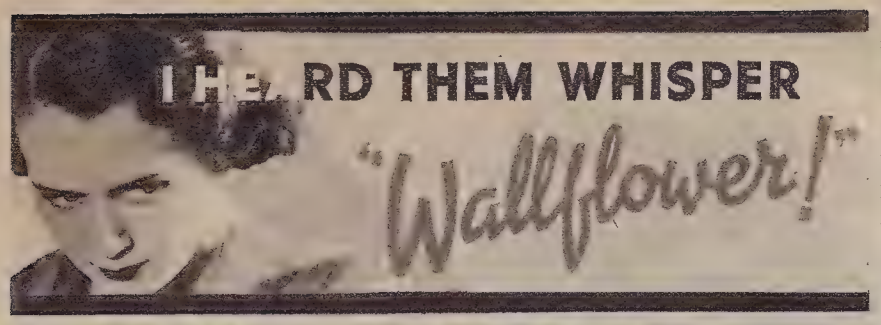
THIS week on pages 3, 4 and 5 THE PASSING SHOW announces as a great Christmas Surprise for its readers *a remarkable publish ingevent.*

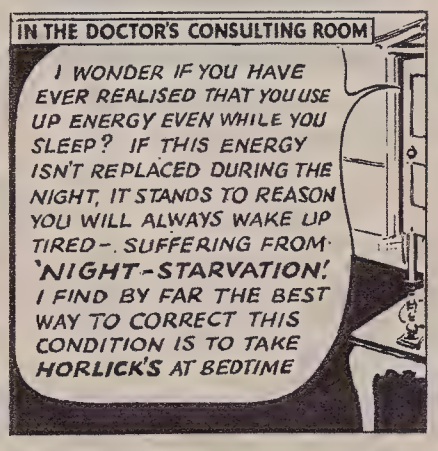
Exclusive arrangements have been made with Mr. George Bernard Shaw for the presentation to PASSING SHOW readers of an entirely new and complete collection of his plays—the only One-volume Edition of "The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw."

This 1,220-page edition has been prepared and produced with the full approval of Mr. Shaw himself and he has specially written for this new Edition of his complete dramatic works, a preface entitled "A WARNING FROM THE AUTHOR."

In this complete collection of 42 Shaw Plays are his three latest—*A Village Wooing, Too True to be Good* and *On the Rocks*. The old favourites are there too, *Arms and the Man, Pygmalion, Getting Married, Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and all those works that have amused and startled the world.

This fine edition is available in three beautiful bindings and owing to the strictly limited supplies available, THE PASSING SHOW advises readers to apply at once. This offer is unique—it will definitely *not be repeated next week*. Turn to pages 3, 4 and 5 and apply to-day!





So many people, like Miss Ward, wake so tired in the morning that they can't enjoy life. If only they knew it, their real trouble is "Night-Starvation." The energy they burn up during sleep is not being replaced. This leaves them with no vitality to face the day. Horlick's taken at bed-time restores energy as it is used up — guards against "Night-Starvation."

Horlick's has a fascinating flavour. It is economical, too, for no milk is needed — only water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

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says Miss ANNE WARD, 79 *Coningham Road, London, W.12.*

'I've always had to work pretty hard — often having to stay late at the office," writes Miss Ward. "I didn't know what was the matter but I used to wake up in the morning feeling worn out, and in the evenings I felt too tired to enjoy going to dances or anywhere. It made me very depressed and worried till I found it was simply "Night-Starvation." After a few weeks on Horlick's even my friends noticed a difference in me, I got so full of pep. Nothing would make me miss my bedtime Horlick's now!"

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GASTRIC SUFFERER GAVE UP HOPE

Then found a "Godsend"

Here is the case of a man who suffered from Gastritis since the War. As Mr. Drew, of Brooke Street, Leamington Spa, says, he was completely fed-up with spending money on useless drugs and had given up all hope of relief. Then on the advice of a chemist he bought a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, that wonderful remedy which has brought comfort to thousands of stomach sufferers. After two or three doses he felt a better man. He calls Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a "godsend." Here is his letter :—

"I had been a sufferer from Gastric trouble since the War. I tried everything. I was fed-up with getting no relief. I spent money on drugs and different medicines and had given up all hope of ever getting relief till I took a good course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Even after two or three doses I felt the benefit. Now, thank goodness, I feel a better man and only because I have taken your powder when everything else had failed. If only I had known before! Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is a godsend to all sufferers." If you suffer from Stomach Trouble of any sort you can get the same relief as Mr. Drew, but ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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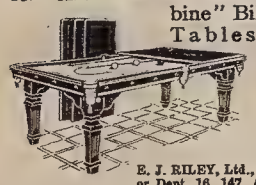

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

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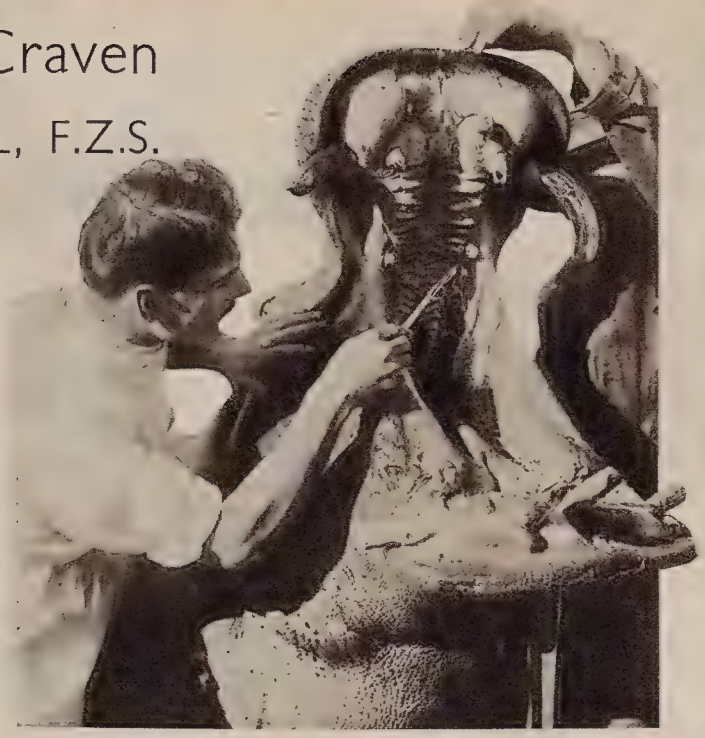
BIG OPENING—

by Craven HILL, F.Z.S.



Compare the neat filling placed by the dentist in a human tooth with the bucket of cement necessary for a hippo's cavity.

—*for* DENTISTS

YOU and I know well enough when a visit to the dentist is indicated. A cheek like unto a ripe apple points the way with painful directness. And when we meet the Man-with-the-drill we can tell him more or less accurately where the trouble is.

Zoo animals are not so fortunate.

Like ourselves, they too sometimes develop a cheek with the most-approved ripe apple effect, but then they get the dentist guessing. They cannot tell him which tooth is bothering them, or indeed that any tooth is aching at all.

That is what makes the work of the Zoo dentist more than usually difficult. His powers of diagnosis are put to a severe test.

Of course, a fractured tusk is obvious, but then tooth troubles at the Zoo are by no means all of this kind. Some are due to internal abscesses which are not so easily spotted, even by the trained eye.

To-day there are some 6,000 inmates at the London Zoo, and though many of them are fowls of the air on whom a kindly Providence has bestowed toothless heads—a priceless but probably unappreciated blessing!—the majority are animals and reptiles, all of whom are heir to every one of the dental troubles that afflict humanity, and then some!

"I suppose," I remarked to one animal dentist, "there isn't much difference between human and animal patients from a dentist's point of view? I mean, a tooth is a tooth, after all——"

The dentist shook his head.

"True," he said, "a tooth *is* a tooth, but there's one thing you've overlooked. You forget that your own dentist knows the personality of his patient and can make his plans accordingly.

"Now that's where I'm at a loss. I may have to deal with anything on four legs from a docile lemur, say, to a testy tiger. And that at very short notice!"

At the Zoo, patients unlikely to deal the dentist a lightning kick below the belt are visited in their cage, the dentist doing what is necessary while a couple of stalwart keepers hold the sufferer's head.

"Other tempers," to paraphrase the old saw—"other methods." The more dangerous animals have to be strapped or chained down to the bars, while a really obstreperous patient may have to be given a whiff of chloroform as a preliminary to having a tooth extracted.

When the patient is "under," the dentist gets to work with the forceps. Fearsome things, these forceps. Over two feet long, they remind one of a pair of common or garden shears! A long pull, a strong pull—and the tooth is out!

About one-half of the dental troubles at the Zoo are due to overgrown incisors. But there are plenty of cases of ordinary decay, too, and sometimes these present the dentist with some very pretty little problems—problems unknown to his colleague who operates upon the human race only.

This is the sort of thing I mean.

Not long ago a hippo patient—a burly fellow of some two or three tons avoirdupois—was brought to the dentist—or rather *he* was brought to *it*, suffering from a bad bout of toothache.

"Open!" said the dentist, and the hippo showed him what a four-foot yawn looked like. "I see your trouble," observed the dentist. "A hollow tusk. Well, we'll soon fix you up."

But the job was not so easy. Owing to the peculiar formation of the cavity the dentist was hard put to it to find a stopping which would "stay put."

He tried the usual compounds, but they simply fell out. Query—how to solve the problem?

Well, there is a way out of most difficulties if you only experiment long enough. There was a way out of this one too. The dentist had a brain-wave. He tried *cement*. It worked perfectly, and the old hippo went back to his bathing pool and cooled off his aching jaws beneath the surface, emerging later in the best of good humour.

A goodly proportion of dental troubles occur when young animals are cutting their teeth, for animal babies have much the same problems in this respect as human ones. The symptoms are alike, too. Fretfulness, feverishness, loss of appetite—any mother will recognise them.

Not animal mothers, however.

They can do little to help, and so, whenever a Zoo baby is about to get its teeth through, the keepers keep a close watch on its condition, and the dentist is called in to help if necessary.

But all babies are not fools, happily, and now and then you find one helping himself. It is not dread of the dentist that makes the little one do this, but instinct. Feeling the growing tusk pushing through, he deliberately helps Nature by gnawing the bars of his den or banging the new tooth against the fence, sometimes with more vim than discretion, as one hippo baby did who thus knocked his brand new tusk right out!

Now and again the dentist gets a patient whose tusk has "taken the wrong turning"—grown out of the straight. Such malformations may interfere with the feeding of the animal and even cause his death if the dentist is not quickly called in to put him right.

A savage boar with this infirmity is no joke, from the dentist's point of view. Yet one of these animals was recently turned over to him.

And what a patient!

His rage at the sight of the Man-with-the-forceps was of the red-hot, do-or-die order. Strap him down, you couldn't.

But where you can't tie down you can sometimes box up. And so it was with this unruly patient. Thus confined, though the boar told the world his opinion of dentists, the operator got busy with the forceps, and soon that animal was able to enjoy the first square meal he had had for weeks.

Was he grateful?

Not a bit of it. How should he know that the dentist had saved his life? All he knew was that indignities had been heaped upon him, and for some hours afterwards the appearance of a keeper was enough to make him throw somersaults with rage!

What it means to you—

by FRANCIS WILLIAMS Down and Down and Down

MANY people, judging from the letters I receive, are still puzzled as to the reason for the policy of raising the general price level, which is advocated by so many economists and which has the support of a number of governments including that of the United States, and although less vigorously, the British Government also.

The most simple way to explain the reasons on which a price-raising policy are based is, perhaps, to consider what has resulted of falling prices. Superficially, it appears that lower prices should mean that the great majority of the population is able to buy more with its money and thus increase its standard of living. Actually, the result has been quite different. This is what has happened.

As the prices of commodities, such as wheat, rubber, tin, copper and agricultural produce have fallen, the purchasing power of the commodity producing countries has declined. This is because the income they have received from the sale of their output obviously becomes smaller as the prices of the commodities they sell are reduced. This price reduction could only be compensated for by a greatly increased sale, which has not been the case.

As a result, each fresh fall in price has made it more difficult for producers to sell. Eventually, the stage was reached when it was almost impossible to find buyers even at prices which were quite unprofitable to the producers.

Now it may be argued that, although a fall in commodity prices hits those countries which exist chiefly by the production of raw materials, it should be to the benefit of an industrial country like Britain, which should then be in a position to obtain its raw materials more cheaply.

This is not the case, however, for the commodity producing countries, in addition to being the suppliers of foodstuffs and raw materials for industrial countries, are also in normal times large purchasers of the manufactured goods of those industrial communities, and as a result a decline in their purchasing power means a reduction in their demand for the manufactured goods of the industrial countries and consequently a shrinkage of markets which forces industrialists to curtail output, close down works, and reduce the number of their employees.

And even that is not the end, for unemployment leads inevitably to fresh unemployment when we are in a vicious spiral of this character, for reasons which I will endeavour to explain next week.

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WOMAN to WOMAN

Naomi Jacob Lashes Out!

SOME years ago I wrote a book and made the hero, who was a Socialist, refer to the heroine, who was one of those ultra blue-blooded aristocrats who are met with in novels of this type, as "effete." One reviewer attacked that word, and said that no one, in these days, minded being called "effete."

Let me give you the meaning of the word, taken from one of the better known dictionaries: "Effete. Exhausted of productive power, exhausted by dissipation." And so on. The dictionary has quite a few objectionable meanings to give to the word. I gather that no one would exactly wish to be called "effete" if they knew the word's meaning, as given in my admirable dictionary.

And this morning, after reading various daily and evening papers, sent to me from England (because I live in Italy), I rubbed my eyes and woudered if we weren't all getting just a little effete—in the full meaning of the word.

What made me feel this was not the International Air Race, but a long and ingenious defence of an unpleasant little American vendor of patent medicines called Hawley Harvey (or Harvey Hawley) Crippen. It seemed to me so utterly stupid and futile at this time of day to begin a defence of a very third-rate little man who committed a very badly conceived crime in 1910.

I read it with some slight disgust—having had the opportunity to know both parties most concerned—poor, flamboyant silly Belle Ellemore, who was murdered, and her nasty, cringing little husband who murdered her.

Not that it matters, except that it seems to me that we're all getting just a little soft about these things! And it's a dangerous sort of softness, too. It's that softness which with a smattering of psychological jargon tries to make out that every dirty little criminal committed his crime for "love" (save the mark!), or because he was miserable, or had acute indigestion, or had been dropped out of his perambulator as a child.

Bunk, and bunk and more *bunk*!

I will say frankly here that I hate and loathe capital punishment, that I don't believe if I lose my temper so that I forget all decency and right behaviour, that the fact Crippen was hanged is going to stop me killing anyone. If I allow hate to master me, to blind me, to sway me this way and that, I shall never stop grinding up electric light globes into someone's rice pudding, because some wretched fellow from Camden Town took the "eight o'clock walk."

The abolishment of capital punishment is another matter; I am thinking at the moment of this indication of "softness" which is forever trying by analysis, and disintegration to prove that men didn't mean to do what they did do, and that what they did do wasn't as bad as it seemed.

It's the same sort of softness which makes people watch a sentimental film, in which the hero or heroine is "misunderstood," which generally means that they have been made of that sort of mental pulp which won't try to stand up to life, and then go home and stick their heads in gas ovens.

It's the same kind of "mental rickets" which makes excuses for brute beasts on the ground that they were "suffering from tremendous brain disturbance;" that finds reasons why men want to ill-treat animals, on the ground that they are "pathological subjects."

I met one of these "pathological subjects" a year or two ago. He told me—and I let him—how if left alone with a cat, he felt an "irresistible impulse" to strangle it; told me with gusto that he had, only the year before, killed his sister's Pekingese dog, again owing to this "impulse." He added, with a sort of sickening and mournful pride, that he was a "pathological case, and undergoing treatment."

I asked him if he ever went to the Zoo. He did, it appeared. I suggested that it was highly dangerous, that he might feel impelled to kick the elephant, twist the lion's tail, or spend a happy half hour teasing the tiger. He begged me not to "treat his case lightly" and again trotted out the old story of cases, treatments, and so on.

The end of the discussion was effective, if not in strict accordance with the usages of polite society. I quoted a very great and splendid Book, a book which if it were read more and quoted less might have more effect on the world's morals, reached my culminating point when I informed him that he was not a "case" at all, but only a very unpleasant species of brute beast, and in addition an unpleasant liar, and rounded off these bits of information by throwing the best part of a whisky and soda in his face.

I repeat what that gentleman wanted was not "mental treatment," which was being given to him in accordance with the general all round "softness" of the age, but a horsewhipping administered by someone who knew and understood how to use a horsewhip.

I have heard people discussing their inhibitions, repressions, identifications and all the rest of it, with a sort of gloating and sickening pride. It used to be said that no woman ever had a major operation without wanting to tell her friends all about it; now they don't discuss operations they explain why they cannot understand their children, why it is impossible for them to travel in a tube train, or why they are drawn to watch every street accident "in spite of themselves."

Years ago when "Billy" Wells fought Georges Carpentier at the London Opera House, there was a great outcry because women were in the audience. I was one of them—the most expensive evening I ever had in my life. The fight lasted something like fifty-six seconds, and I had paid seven guineas for my seat!

I still maintain that boxing is a fine and courageous thing, that it never brutalised anyone to watch two splendid fellows, trained to the last hair, fight scientifically and cleanly. But what do people watch now? Not the good old boxing, but this "All-In" wrestling horror.

Only the other day I heard from someone who had seen a contest and wrote: "Lady So and So" (naming an elderly peeress, who is certainly old enough to know better) "was in the front row. You could hear her screams all over the place, see her hands, covered with diamonds, waving wildly, as she yelled encouragement to her favourite wrestler: 'Go on, Bert, kick him, kick him, Bert!'"

That's where this softness is leading us—we're busy whitewashing murderers years after they're dead, we're dissecting ourselves busily to account for this and that, and to prove that our faults are not faults at all, and we're paying money to watch men "kick each other." If we kicked each other, I feel we should be healthier and less effete.

And as a result of all this effeteness, this wretched softness, what comes?—boredom! Not for our present-day palates the "roast beef of Old England," but the highly spiced curry of India's coral strand, and the chop suey of Chinese eating houses!

Not long ago a young man, staying in this village, said to me one evening, as we sat on a little piazza, with a very theatrical moon, a deep blue sky, and quite impossible looking stars overhead, to say nothing of a lake on which the moon made a long, wide silver roadway:

"Oh, how heavenly it all is—if only one could get absinthe here, or even pernod!"

I said, brutally: "Try some beer—it's very good indeed."

He shuddered and explained to me that the sky, the stars, the moon and the silver lake "demanded" absinthe or pernod.

Having drunk both in Paris, in those days when I believed that Paris began with the "Dome" and ended with a dirty little café called "The Dog with Three Legs," or some other delectable name, I disagreed with him.

But to return to this boredom. And here is the second thing that I read in my daily paper—and a most estimable daily paper it is, too—"Public school man, age 26, bored to death. Will do anything to make life worth living. Can anyone help?" and then a box number. I longed to write the old prescription given by Abernethy (was it Abernethy? If not, it was some other much quoted physician): "Live on fourpence a day—and earn it!"

Think of it—twenty-six and bored to death, so bored that he has to spend good money—for the rates for advertising in the "personal" column are high—in trying to find a solution! To spend money which would have kept some wretched family, whose greatest knowledge of "boredom" is that which comes from the perpetual fight against poverty!

I am not attacking the really young people. I mean those girls and boys who are a fair target for the slings and arrows of we people of "umpty" eight. They're putting up a fairly good fight against this effeteness. The worst offenders are the people who are no longer "girls and boys," of whom one cannot say tolerantly: "They'll grow out of it."

They won't grow out of it, they'll settle into their nasty little ruts, and there they will stick, until . . . let's hope the younger generation, the arms who are in process of formation at the moment, will come in and not need any aristocratic battle cry of "Kick him, Bert," to make them move on.

The "Dangerous Age" was supposed to be from thirty-five to forty-five. Now, the dangerous age is from twenty-one to thirty. Those are the people who could do so much, only they have allowed their mental muscles to get flabby. The younger generation with their "pink gins" and "side cars," with their adoration of Garbo, and their prostration before the shrine of Marlene, won't come to much harm; but the others—whew!

These effete idiots who are crying over Crippen, who have to rush off to "All-in" wrestling and titillate their senses by howling: "Kick him, Bert," or "Claw his ear off, Clem," who revel in inhibitions and repressions as hogs wallow in their sties, who account for every lapse from decency by heredity and atmosphere, and anything else except the truth—they are the section of the community who are dangerous.

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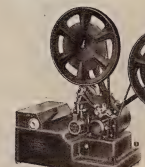

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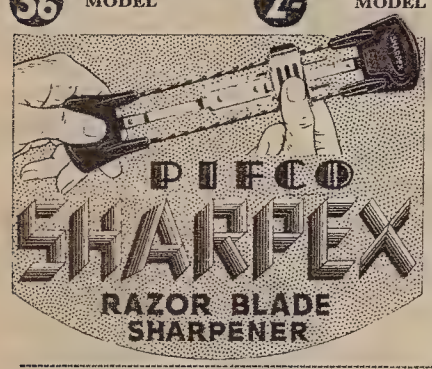

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"DO you know you have been selling your country's naval secrets for forty pieces of silver?" said the red-faced judge, as he glared at me over the table.

At least, that is how he appeared to me, a sixteen-year-old apprentice.

And for the moment I felt like a prisoner in the dock. Charged with being a traitor to my country! My legs trembled. I did some high-speed thinking. I began to stammer my speech in defence.

And it all came about because I wanted to be a great journalist.

I was sixteen years old at the time, a cub reporter on a provincial newspaper. I reported lectures, etc., for the weekly papers published from the office. But that was too tame. I did not realise that it was necessary to work from the bottom rung of the ladder to the top. My ambition was to write for great London papers like *The Times*; to be able to get a "scoop" for them.

I found the sub-editors' room more fascinating than the composing room, and, fortunately, my duties took me in that room very often. I soon learned all the secrets about press telegrams, how much they cost, etc., and was only too pleased to take them to the post office for the editor.

Eighteen months later I read in the papers that the British Government had bought the patent rights of the Holland submarine boat. Then came the news that our town had got the order to build five experimental boats. The first British submarine was duly launched, shrouded in mystery and secrecy.

Every morning before I commenced work, and every dinner-time, I haunted the dockside and watched that submarine. It would soon be ready for trials. If only I could get some information about it I had a chance of a "scoop." I got the information I wanted, and more than I expected—the estimated speed, horse-power, revs. per minute, armament, diving time, and size.

One morning, on my tour of the dockside, I noticed the dock launch getting up steam. I guessed a trial trip was about to be made.

Late that afternoon I ran home breathless. "Mother," I said, "lend me two shillings, please. The submarine's been out. Jim and Bill don't know anything about the trials. When they went on the dockside it was back on the floating dock. I've sent seven reports to the London papers. Miss —— (postal clerk) promised to send them off before six o'clock if I hurried back with the money before she made up her books."

When I entered the sub-editors' room late in the afternoon the following day, Jim and Bill were on the carpet. The chief sub-editor, a dour Scotsman, had a copy of the London *Times* in his hand.

"What sort of news-nosers have I got round me?" he yelled at them. "Fancy having to cut *The Times* for news happening on our own doorstep. *We* should have supplied that news. What will the editor of *The Times* think? Better keep your eyes skinned on that submarine, or else——"

Turning to me, he said, "Here, Sterne, rush this in for the next edition." There it was, in black and white, my first report, my scoop: "The New British Submarine. Successful Trials." And underneath the heading the words, "From Our Naval Correspondent."

More trials; more reports. Cheques rolled in at the end of each month. Then the London *Globe* published a long article, giving full details of the submarine.

The chief sub-editor was puzzled. Little did he know when he handed me the cutting from the *Globe* for the comp.-room that he had put it into the hands of the author of the mysterious reports. I wondered how long it would last. Would they ever find me out? I was making a fortune—a fortune to me, an apprentice on six shillings a week.

Then one morning, about ten o'clock, the door of the dingy press-room opened and framed in the doorway was a tall figure with a turkey-red face, set in a billowy mass of white whiskers—the Editor. Before he spoke I knew. I could read it in his eyes. I had been found out.

"Where is Sterne?" he yelled, his voice harsh, metallic.

"Here, sir," I meekly answered.

"Come into my office," he said.

A few minutes later, I knocked at his office door and entered. There he sat behind his table, with its big books and piles of papers, just like a judge. I stood in front of him, like a prisoner in the dock, but I had no lawyer to conduct my case.

"Have you been sending news to the London papers about the submarines?" he snapped.

"Yes, sir," I admitted.

"How long have you been doing this?"

"Six months, sir."

"But you didn't write these reports yourself. They are too technical. Someone has been helping you."

"No, sir. No one helped me. I wrote the reports and articles myself."

Then he picked up a letter from the table. "The editor of *The Times* sent me this letter to-day, asking if you were acting as my deputy. You slipped there, you young monkey! *The Times* only receives its news through its accredited representative. If it hadn't been for that I might never have found you out." A pause. He was angry. "One of the most audacious acts I have experienced in my forty years of journalism," he said, with a stern voice.

"Do you know you have been selling your country's naval secrets for forty pieces of silver, and could be shot?" he added.

My young brain was in a momentary turmoil. Perhaps I had not done right. I had to do some high-speed thinking.

"B-but couldn't they shoot you as well, sir, for cutting the articles out and publishing them?" I tremulously retorted.

"Out of this, you young——" he shouted. And I beat a hasty exit.

The manager met me in the corridor. He had heard the news. But from him I got a pat on the back and encouragement. So that night I wrote a special article for the "Scientific American," which was eventually published under my name.

I was realising my ambition. Correspondent for the big London and provincial papers at the age of sixteen was a splendid start. I was mounting to success, not by means of the proverbial ladder, but by the express elevator.

But, unfortunately, something happened to the elevator, and I found myself on the ground floor again, where I have been ever since. Perhaps it would have been better if I had climbed from the bottom rung of the ladder.

The grand old editor (for he was a great journalist) has long since written his last leader. He never found out where I obtained the details of the first submarine of the British Navy. I got them from a book in the local reference library—a copy of an address given by a noted naval officer to the Association of Naval Engineers.

E. A.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED..

"Do you know you have been selling your country's naval secrets?"

G. B. S.—*Wonderful News for Readers* see pages 3, 4 and 5

TRUST YOUR NEIGHBOUR

NEIGHBOURS have no dealings with neighbours in our exclusive Terrace. Even the women never gossip over the fence. We live, each house, unto ourselves.

That's why, when my neighbour asked: "Would I help him to move an apple tree," I agreed, just to show friendliness, so to speak.

During operations, we must have been pulling different ways, for I fell, my watch slipped on to the crazy paving, and sustained internal injuries.

Jim (that wasn't his real name) was sorry. He'd put it right if I liked. No, he wasn't an amateur exactly, had pottered about with watches quite a long time. Do it free, too!

I thanked him. But it was a good watch, heirloom, 18 carat. Perhaps I'd better take it to a jeweller. He laughingly agreed, advising a firm which had a shop in a near-by town.

A fortnight later I called for the watch. Charge for repairs 8s. 6d. "By the way," said the lady behind the showcases, "the manager would like a word with you."

He approached smilingly. It was the owner of the apple tree.

To-day we're pally, though I never quite got over that 8s. 6d. I might have saved. President Roosevelt talked about "The policy of the Good Neighbour." In future, no matter if I'm in prison, my motto will be "Trust your neighbour."

R. H.

KENT AIR CRASH
WE PAY £250

WAS the recent air crash at Shoreham, Kent, due to the setting up of air pockets by the peculiar formation of the country around Sevenoaks? This was a suggestion made at the inquest on the four victims. One of those killed was Mr. Garrett-Read, of Princes Court, Wembley, a passenger and a keen flier. Mr. Garrett-Read was a registered reader of THE PASSING SHOW; he was covered by the PASSING SHOW'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift, and a cheque for £250, paid under the Flying Accidents section of this comprehensive insurance has been promptly sent to his mother.

Protection whilst flying is just one of thirty-four Benefits provided by this Free Insurance Gift. In addition, the PASSING SHOW has effected a policy at Lloyd's which indemnifies every registered reader up to £10,000 against inability to recover compensation awarded by the Courts for personal injury in a street accident. Registration forms for THE PASSING SHOW'S wonderful double security gift are on page 39.

WINTER'S HAND *is* OVER YOU

lowered vitality renders you more liable to illhealth of every kind . . .

DURING these danger months it is only common sense to take steps for safeguarding health. It is reckoned that common colds, for instance, cost each one of us the loss of ten days activity in every year. In addition winter encourages ailments of every kind to make a grip on you or to increase their hold if they are already in your system. Be prepared ! Take steps to maintain your health by asking for "SHADFORTH" Prescriptions—for many years the tried friends of sufferers. They can be obtained direct, or through chemists everywhere.

HEART AND NERVE TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief

Heart disease is rare. Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Heart Tonic No. 632** (*known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts"*) will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices : **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, trembling, run-down condition and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

BILIOUSNESS

Constipation, Sick Headache, Liver Troubles. Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall-stones, and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2000).** Prices **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE !

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Flatulence and Fullness after Meals have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. Ask for "White Lions." **Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.** Prices : **2/6** (144); **7/-** (432 Tablets). A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are **Positively the World's Greatest Remedy for indigestion.**

BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

Time was when every woman was terrified of those difficult years of middle life. Happily, all that is now a thing of the past. **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457** is a boon and a blessing to all women, being a gentle, soothing tonic for stomach, heart and nerves. It enriches the blood but does not purge or constipate. Also a valuable tonic for anaemic girls, for nursing, and expectant mothers. In boxes **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills). Start enjoying their benefits to-day !

BEWARE OF COLDS AND CATARRH

Shake off Catarrh and Cold in the Nose before they get a real grip on your constitution ! Try this famous and reliable remedy: It has worked wonders in thousands of cases. The "Shadforth" Triplex Treatment penetrates the system and expels completely all the harmful poisons naturally and easily. As soon as you start taking it, life-giving air flows freely into your lungs again. Head and nose become clear and all feelings of "stuffiness" and "heaviness" melt away like magic.

Don't allow dangerous germs to linger in your nose and throat, but get this marvellous treatment right away and ward off such dangers as Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Pneumonia, Permanent Deafness or Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases which often follow neglected Catarrh.

Ask to-day for **Shadforth Prescription No. 331/T**—and let it do for you what it has done for other sufferers who are now quite well.
Prices **2/9**, **4/6**, and **8/6**

RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

For muscular rheumatism and all Uric Acid troubles including Sciatica, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joints and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **Shadforth Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid ; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6 (No. 74/T.).**

HOW TO AVOID A STROKE

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary, and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. The **Shadforth Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis** rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1108T.** Prices, **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief & Comfort For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Kidney and Bladder Troubles such as Cystitis, Prostatis, Chronic Congestion, with Constipation, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforters."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. **Stop worrying !** Start taking this **proved** remedy **now** and be quickly restored. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness. Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **Prescription (565K).**

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.
Prices, post free. In air-tight canisters, **6d.** and **1/-.**

Shadforth

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Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. P.S. 40,)

49 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

and Branches

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Cut out this coupon and send with your order to obtain **Mr. Shadforth's "Book of Prescriptions."** Published at **2/6.** Containing 96 pages packed with valuable information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English. A book which should be in every well-run home.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist, send wrapper of the medicines, and your Chemist's name, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. Book No. A209.

"Passing Show," Dec. 8, 1934.

NERVES THAT RUIN HAPPY HOMES

Of all the wrecked homes, how many could have been saved if somebody had told the man or woman how to cure those miserable irritable "nerves."

When you let work and worry get you down, your nerves begin to go and every little thing upsets you. That's the time to look out for trouble.

But you must not think that nerves are inevitable. There's a very simple way to cure any nervous trouble, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis Way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass, you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

MODERN HAIR CULTURE

By William J. H. Arnold

PRICE 6D POST FREE.

"A Book everyone should read."

Hair troubles are rapidly on the increase. This book, written by no less an authority than William J. H. Arnold, points the way to *permanent* hair health and beauty, and everyone should possess a copy.

CONTENTS: "The Structure of the Hair and Skin," "Singeing," "Falling Hair," "Greasy Hair and Scalps," "Dry Hair and Scalps," "Grey Hair," "Baldness," "High Frequency Treatments," "Permanent Waving," and a great deal of helpful advice

FREE A 20-page New Treatise entitled "Medical Electricity," gratis and post free to all who send for "Modern Hair Culture."

Modern Hair Culture, price 6d. post free, from the publishers

ARNOLD'S HAIR CULTURE SERVICE, (Dept. B), 74, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

PEPS BRAND

As a Peps dissolves on the tongue you instantly breathe in the medicinal fumes given off. Peps soothe the throat, ease and comfort the chest, clear the bronchials and quickly stop that annoying cough. 1/3 and 3/- box.

The Breatheable Tablets For COUGHS, BRONCHITIS COLDS AND CATARRH.

USE Ever-Ready BLADES

THE MASTER BLADE OF THE WORLD

These Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

OF THE TWO MILLION MOTORISTS in this country, we may now number only 1,999,999. Mr. James Richard Wallingford, of Hagley Road, Birmingham, sends us a pungent note which leaves us in no doubt whatsoever as to whether he is to be counted in for 1935. He is not. And he blames the police for this loss to motoring. "I am on the way to getting an old man," he writes. "Perhaps I am not as adaptable as some. But I imagine one would require more than mere adaptability to digest the traffic regulation as at present in force through the length and breadth of the country. There is little attempt at uniformity of police signals, and to try to negotiate an unknown city with its maze of 'one-way' thoroughfares is a task that is growing daily closer to sheer impossibility.

"I HAVE LIVED IN BIRMINGHAM for over sixty years, and I make no hesitation in stating that this fine city is worthy of a better police force. Criticism of years' standing has been directed against the regulation of the traffic, but nothing has been done. Birmingham uses a set of police signals which is particularly its own. A local man finds himself at a disadvantage in other towns, and motorists strange to the city are hard put to make out what is meant by the flappings and gesticulations of the Birmingham City Police. It seems strange to me that no one should have thought of co-ordinating police signals for the direction of traffic. Why could not Birmingham policemen be sent to London to learn their job? It would be much appreciated in a city which is virtually barred to the private motorist. I am giving up my car at the end of the year, having been at length driven to the obvious conclusion that it is quicker to walk—and cheaper."

CATS ARE IN. Something to do with the planets, perhaps, but we have been showered with letters about cats. "I am a light sleeper," confides Miss Edith Warner, of Warrington, Lancashire. "Four days out of seven the nights are made hideous by the cats of the neighbourhood who assemble in numbers to howl and fight. Why should I be kept awake for four nights a week by cats? We have a Rat Week. Why should not we have a Cat Week? Do human beings come first? Or cats?"

"YOU SAY," REMINDS MISS DEARBORN, of Queen's Gate, South Kensington, London, "that the useful animals are the silliest-looking. You mention hens, but you say nothing of cats. The cat is the most useful animal known to man. Were it not for the cat, this country (and most countries of the world) would be pest-ridden by mice and rats. The cat saves us from a veritable plague. And what could be cleaner, better-conducted, more domesticated, and less trouble than a cat? The cat, too, is the prettiest and most lovable of all animals. For one woman to call another a 'cat' is supposed to be an insult to the woman. Can anyone explain why this should be?"

CLEAR UP—

—your troubles before Christmas by getting expert advice and reliable information on any subject—from motoring to mince pies, from The Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope for the free reply.

"Supposed to be an insult."

MISS WARNER WOULD KNOW. And, according to evidence laid before us, if we had this proposed Cat Week we should then want a couple of Rat Weeks, and probably a Mouse Week, too. Mr. R. Hawkins, of Coventry, is a student of shipbuilding and he thinks our recent article about the *Queen Mary* was fine. But he has a criticism to aim at us. "Actually," he contends, "the largest ship in the world is the French C.G.T. liner, *Normandie*. She exceeds the *Queen Mary* in length, beam, and tonnage. The *Queen Mary's* power station is stated to be the largest afloat, but that of the French boat is vastly larger, since her main propelling machinery is turbo-electric. Further, she has twenty-nine boilers. The *Normandie* goes into service next year, and she will come as a shock to most people in this country who have been led to believe our *Queen Mary* is the largest vessel afloat."

FROM WESTGATE-ON-SEA, in the Garden County of Kent, Major J. F. P. Thelluson writes to us, bringing a maiden blush to stain our weather-beaten cheeks and a new diffidence to soften the bold challenge of our eye. "Your Christmas Double Number," the Major writes, "was a fine piece of work. I am no journalist, but I know as much as the next man about the value of threepence. I cannot think of a better threepennyworth. Can you only do this sort of thing once in a while, or is there a chance of PASSING SHOW adopting this guise as a regular business? They say the circulation of your paper is enormous as it is. What it would be if you kept up the standard of stories, and articles, and pages in colour in the Christmas Double Number, I cannot imagine."

The Passing Show's *Great Christmas Gift*

See pages 3, 4 & 5

OUR IDEA, MAJOR, IS ALWAYS a bigger and better PASSING SHOW, and, believe us, we are not going to stand still. The first function of this page, we have always imagined, is to entertain those who turn to it for five minutes' reading. But there are those who disagree, objecting to our levity and criticising the observations we have to make on readers' letters. Mr. A. J. Slowe, of Lowerhouse Lane, Burnley, Lancashire, is not one of these. This discriminating and far-sighted citizen writes to us on the logic of laughter. "The gift of seeing the humorous side of life," he says, "is an asset for which the owner ought to thank the gods. The province of the humorist, however, is not merely to make us laugh. His purpose is to make us think sanely.

"LAUGHTER CLEANS THE HEART and warms the blood. It softens our pride and subdues our anger. The person who cannot see a joke cannot see anything at all, for he is blind to humanity and the finer aspects of human nature. The main divergence between the mentalities of man and the beasts of the field lies at the cross-roads of humour. Laughter teaches us to be tolerant of our fellow-citizens, to bear with their foibles, and condone their shortcomings. The man who frowns at humour, condemning the humorist as 'light' and vacuous, is a person who is afraid of humour, shunning it as a thing he does not understand. But the man who can see the 'funny side' has an eye that sees everything and appreciates the entirety. His is worldly wisdom.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt.
"But every grin, so merry, draws one out."

ENDING, THUS, with a couple of wide grins.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter printed, and 2s. 6d. for quotations. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss,

LET'S CROSS NOW!

CLUES ACROSS

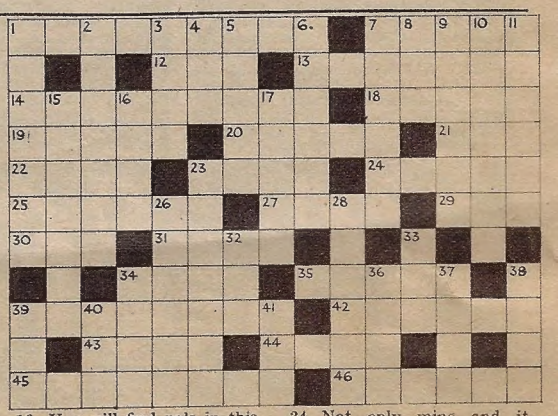
1. Just the bird to have at a picnic.
7. Races from fright.
12. This cloth will be found under the table.
13. Unaffected musical character.
14. Unprejudiced.
18. The bride makes another offer.
19. Recover strength and banter.
20. This variation of No. 18 across must be given away.
21. A stroke which might be anybody.
22. To wind or otherwise warp.
23. They are usually dear as a matter of form.
24. The cake must be put back in a vessel to make these reprimands.
25. A siren also is near and sprung up here.
27. This belongs to the goddess of mischief, but it could be replaced for a seat.
29. Goes round with No. 27 across.
30. Over there.
31. Points which are involved in the formation of characters.
34. Celebration which might be gory.
35. To restrain in a most intelligent way.
39. Used a gas (anagram).
42. A building attached.
43. If the son gets over this incitement he will be a doctor.
44. A singular thing which must break a reed in half to be joined together again.
45. Keep entire in a table delicacy.
46. Not what one would expect from a toiler.

F	A	T	T	E	D	■	U	N	I	V	E	R	S	E
A	V	E	R	S	I	O	N	■	D	I	N	E	■	X
R	E	L	A	T	E	■	P	L	E	A	S	A	N	T
T	R	E	P	I	D	■	R	A	M	■	U	S	E	R
H	■	P	■	M	■	B	E	D	■	W	R	O	T	E
I	■	H	I	A	T	U	S	■	S	E	E	N	■	M
N	O	O	N	T	I	D	E	■	T	I	S	S	U	E
G	U	N	N	E	R	■	N	E	A	R	■	N	■	■
A	R	I	A	■	E	A	T	E	N	■	A	M	I	D
L	■	S	T	Y	■	W	E	L	D	E	R	■	O	■
E	S	T	E	E	M	E	D	■	S	■	K	I	N	D

Solution to last week's puzzle.

CLUES DOWN

1. The best place for a sail and also for a drive.
2. To make things clear possibly describes the result of a visit to the beauty parlour.
3. This fish would be out of water if you left nothing out.
4. Adapted to some purpose in a sort of attack.
5. A good defence when proved.
6. Join up.
7. Force and cut off the head for the hair.
8. The sort of tip an actor will take.
9. Not quite the place for ships but good for lovers.
10. Now I bar (anagram).
11. Most ancient and mostly made of steel.
15. Vegetables which might spoil fights.
16. You will find pals in this range.
17. Hangings of tapestry.
23. This is enough to make niggers laugh a little.
26. Exasperate.
28. You might get in late from this sort of estate.
32. Not the salesman's slogan but more than past.
33. By the way a place for swallows.
34. Not only mine and it might be sour.
36. Denoting a division in the main topic.
37. A priest takes it, but a high priest will make it an industry standing on his head.
38. This part of a car is al the rage.
39. Semi-circle made by a car.
40. A tanner for a bathe.
41. Mature and proper.



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(Name of Newsagent)

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 8/12/34

----------CUT HERE----------

Post *this Form to*
"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 8/12/34

SPOTLIGHT TUNING (patented)

THE MOST SENSATIONAL TUNING DEVICE EVER PRODUCED . . . .

THE "Orbit" Universal 8-stage super-het six for A.C. and D.C. Mains is the most remarkable radio value offered to-day. Latest circuit employing heptode frequency changer, double diode and three pentodes plus Westinghouse rectifier. FULL DELAYED AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL. Forty to sixty stations received with ease.

Read this :—

MR. H. J. BARTON CHAPPLE, Wh. Sch., B.Sc. (Hons. Lond.), A.C.G.I., D.I.C., A.M.I.E.E., Hon.M.I.W.T., Technical Adviser to many leading Radio and Television Publications, writes:—

Messrs. Catesbys, Ltd.,
64 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

Dear Sirs,

As a result of a very exhaustive test carried out on your new "Orbit" Universal Super-het Six, I append for your information my unbiased opinions.

Using a purposely made inefficient aerial system in North West London, some five miles from Brookman's Park, I was able, during the course of one evening, to tune in nearly all of the 70 stations named on the dial. The background noise was very slight, while selectivity was well up to modern standards.

May I add a word of praise in connection with your very ingenious station dial. The light spot becoming fully visible just at the right point of tune on the station, is a valuable aid.

The performance from the points of selectivity, sensitivity, volume and quality of reproduction were outstandingly good and you are to be congratulated on producing a set of this calibre at such a reasonable cost.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) H. J. BARTON CHAPPLE

THE NEW ORBIT EIGHT STAGE SUPER-HET SIX

UNIVERSAL MODEL FOR AC/DC

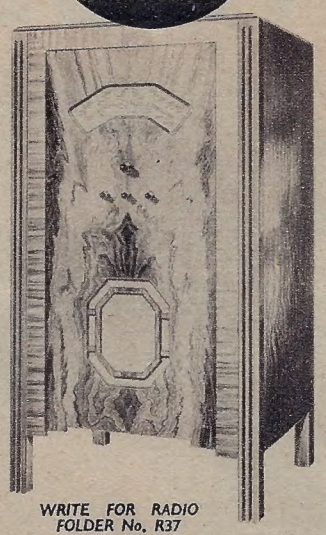
THIS wonderful set is enclosed in a superb modern Walnut Cabinet, 34 in. by 18 in. by 11½ in. It has a UNIQUE COLOURED SPOT LIGHT TUNING enabling you to see exactly what station you are listening to. Matchless tone given by the latest mains-energised Moving Coil Speaker and Tone Control.

"ORBIT"
EIGHT-STAGE SUPER-HET "SIX"
(5 valve plus Westinghouse rectifier)

CASH 10 GNS.

Special Deferred Terms: **12/6** *with order and* 18 *monthly payments of* 12/6.

SPECIAL DEFERRED TERMS
12/6
WITH ORDER



WRITE FOR RADIO FOLDER No. R37

CATESBYS Ltd. (Dept. R37) TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

WHERE Advertisers offer to send Samples, Brochures, or to supply special Details of their product, and you would like to receive these, please fill in the Postage-Saving Enquiry Coupon below, when particulars as advertised to be supplied, will be gladly sent.

POSTAGE-SAVING ENQUIRY FORM

To Office Manager,
"Passing Show," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me sample, brochure or further particulars of the following advertisements, as offered in the announcements :—

Name of Advertisers.	*Pages.*

N.B.—Samples, brochures, particulars etc., can only be forwarded in conformity with the offer made in the advertisement. Where stamps are asked for it is essential this condition be complied with, otherwise we are unable to pass on the request to the advertiser.

Name.....

Address.....

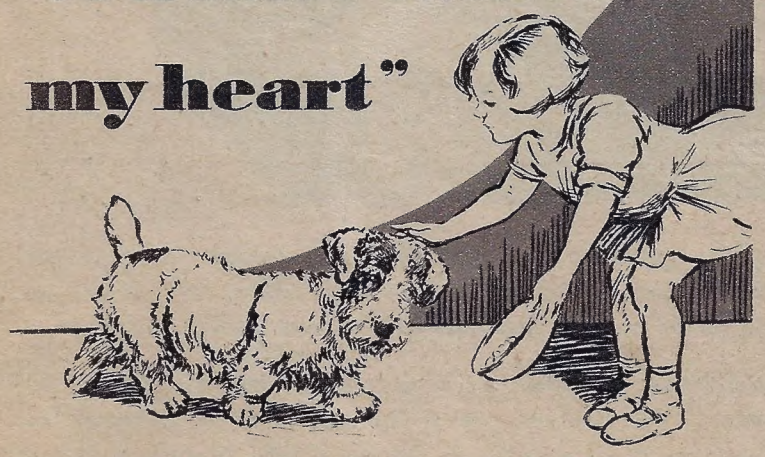
.....

.....

8-12-34

SPRATT'S CROONERISMS . . . . . No. 17

"You have taken my heart"



We are afraid this is a case of cupboard love. That pup may be addressing his small mistress, but his eyes are all for the dish of Ovals she is carrying. And who can blame him? What puppy could resist the lure of those crisp, crunchy, munchy little biscuits? They are as tempting to his palate as they are good for his constitution. Try *your* dog with

SPRATT'S
meat fibrine OVALS

Buy in sealed packets, cartons and bags from 5d. upwards.

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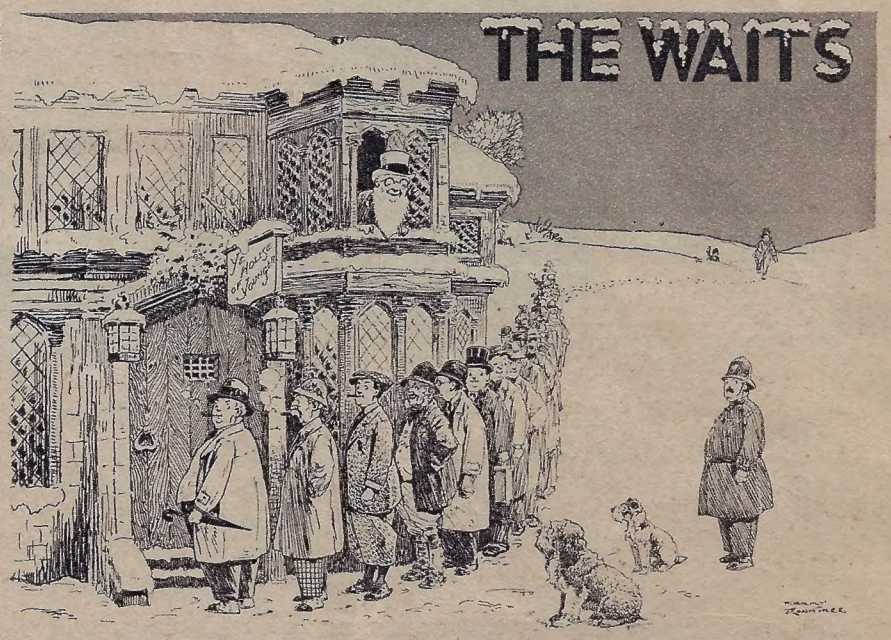

but they don't mind —they'll be getting YOUNGER presently!

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale

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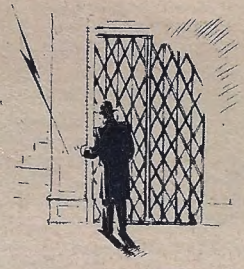
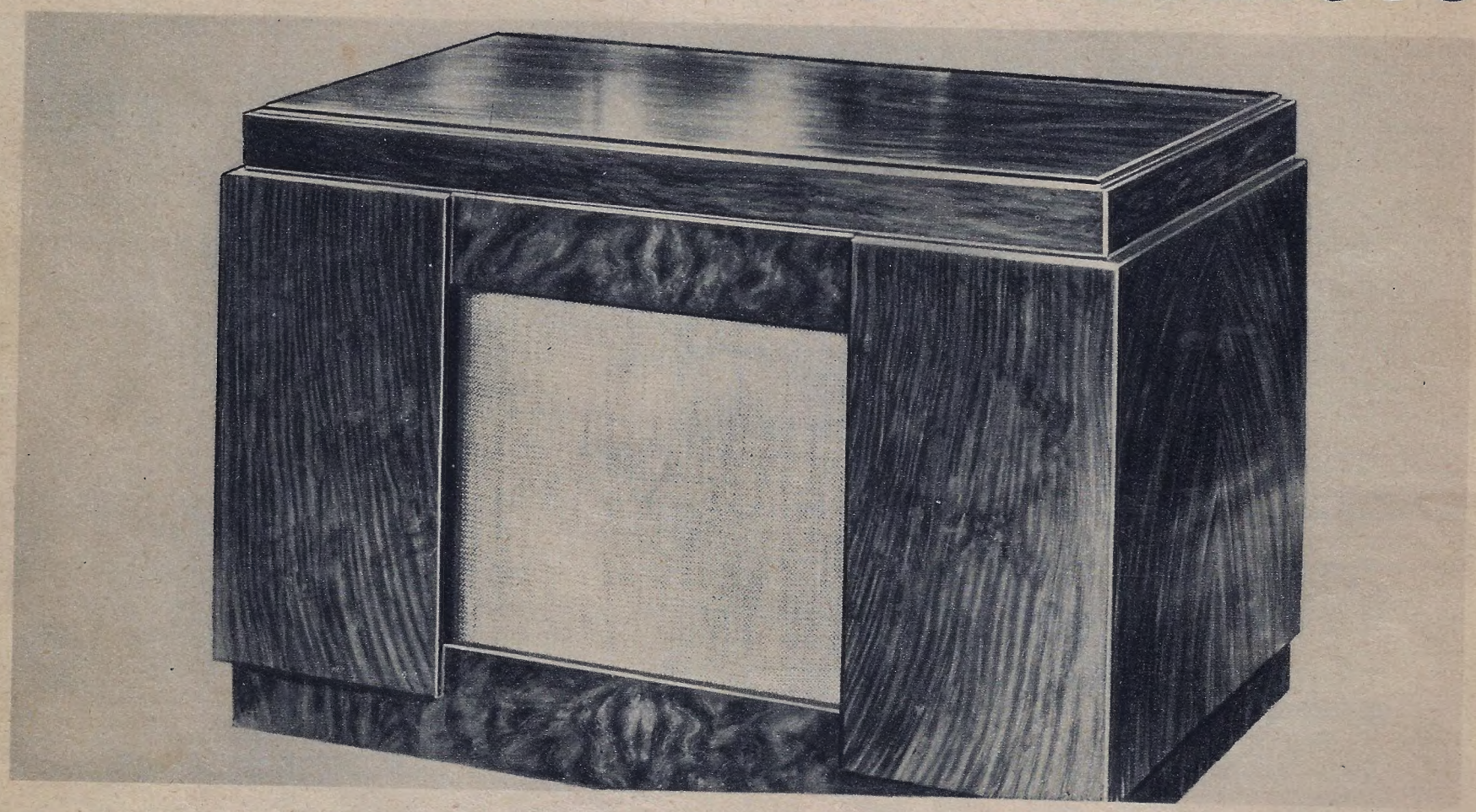
A NEW PYE RECEIVER FOR DIFFICULT DISTRICTS





When trams and lifts and things go on the air it all gets very difficult. Everything cackles and crackles so that you can't understand plain English and Hilversum sounds like double-dutch. Frankly, nothing can stop this altogether, but in the new model SE/AC we have produced such an acutely sensitive and selective receiver for use with an external aerial, that this interference is reduced to a theoretical minumum. In practice this means that it is barely noticeable, because at the same time that interference is ironed out, programme strength is increased and concentrated. Nothing has been sacrificed to this feature in the SE/AC, in fact tuning has been simplifed and a really audible improvement in tone realism achieved.

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